HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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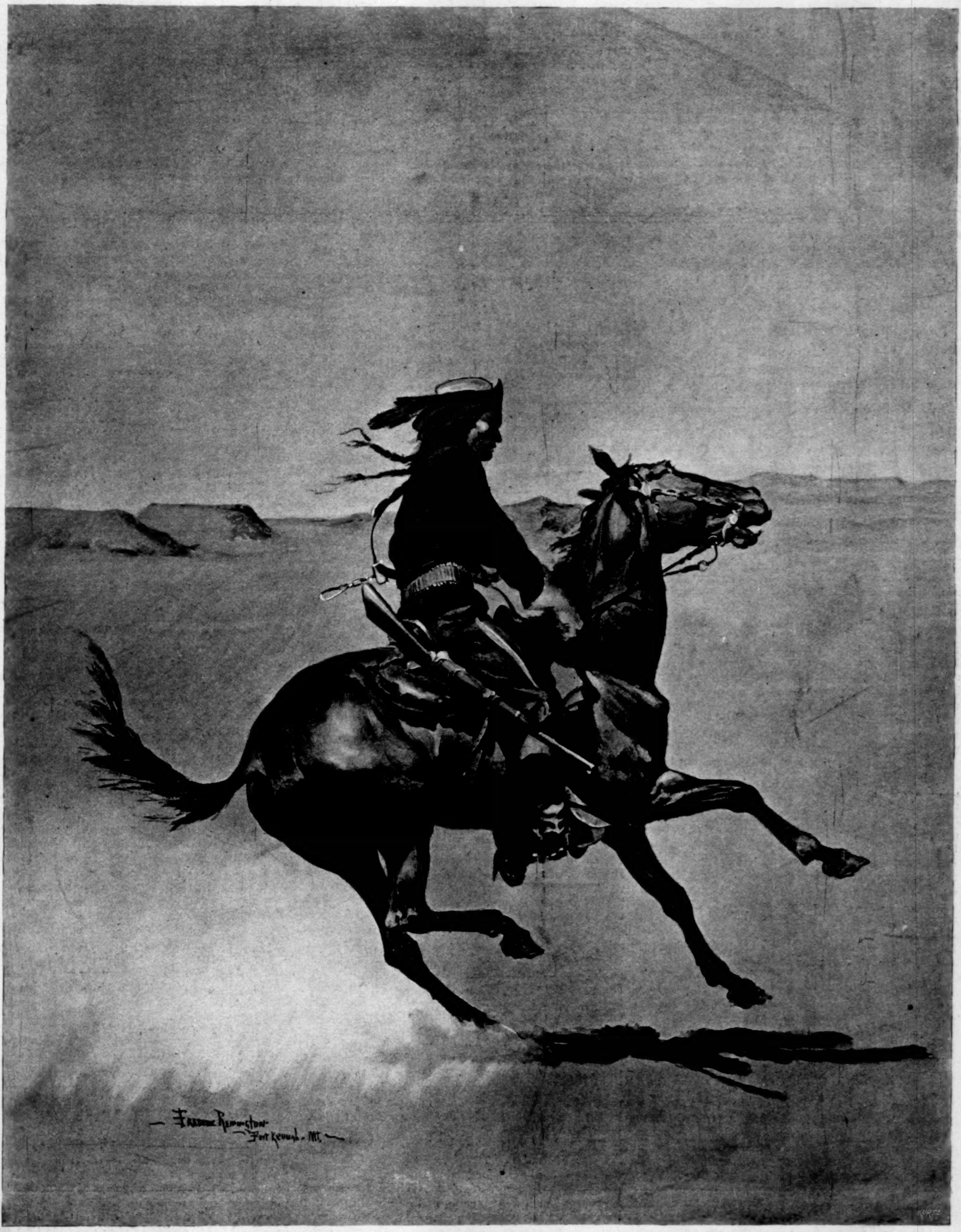
Frederic Remington
Fort Keogh. MT.

ONE OF THE FORT KEOGH CHEYENNE SCOUT CORPS, COMMANDED BY LIEUTENANT CASEY.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 1004.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1891.

IN this number of the Magazine Charles Dudley Warner, in a paper of great practical value, describes **"The Outlook in Southern California."** Many illustrations of scenery and interesting objects in the fruit-growing regions of California accompany the paper. The very popular series of illustrated articles on **South America** is resumed by Mr. Child, giving his "Impressions of Peru." F. Anstey contributes an article on **"London Music Halls,"** which is illustrated from a number of drawings by Joseph Pennell. In **"Another Chapter of My Memoirs"** M. de Blowitz tells how he became a journalist, and relates some interesting reminiscences of the Franco-Prussian War and the days of the Paris Commune. The chief place in fiction is given to the opening chapters of **Charles Egbert Craddock's new novel,** "In the 'Stranger People's' Country," illustrated by W. T. Smedley. "At the 'Casa Napoléon'" is a story of **life in the Spanish quarter of New York city,** written by Thomas A. Janvier, and illustrated by Smedley. "A Modern Legend" is a beautiful short story by Vida D. Scudder. **"Saint Anthony—a Christmas Eve Ballad,"** by Mrs. E. W. Latimer, is accompanied by three striking illustrations from drawings by C. S. Reinhart. Several other choice poems are included, and the usual variety of subjects is discussed in the Editorial Departments, conducted by George William Curtis, William Dean Howells, and Charles Dudley Warner.

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THE SENATE.

SPEAKER REED'S reported remark that the House had ceased to be a deliberative body is apparently true also of the Senate, at least in the important instance of the election bill. This is a measure of the highest importance, reversing in many points the unbroken traditions of the government, and certain to result in greater mischief than advantage; but the majority, whose views it is supposed to represent, abandons debate entirely to its opponents, with the purpose of changing the rules of procedure in order to pass the bill when it thinks that there has been debate enough. This is legislation by caucus or committee, not by public discussion. The majority, indeed, cannot be asked to yield to the minority. That would be a subversion of the fundamental American principle. But the taking of the vote should be the determination of a discussion, not the mere registry of an edict. The majority in the Senate cannot assert that the country does not care to know the details nor the probable operation of such a measure. If it does not, there is no excuse for urging the passage of the bill. Elaborate arguments have been made against it. Its opponents have entered into details and appealed to principles. But as yet the majority have sat silent. One opponent was reported to have made his speech with one member of the majority only listening.

Mr. EVARTS made a few remarks the other day, but he explicitly refrained from discussing the merits of the bill. He said that a registry of voters was desirable, that it ought to be verified, that there was no way of effective verification except actual visitation, that the scheme had worked well in New York, and that the Democratic party had always opposed laws to secure honest voting. But to the question whether the State of New York was unequal to verify its own registry, he answered that the inquirer knew as well as he. If the agents of the State cannot execute the election laws properly because of ignorance or partisanship, how can agents of the United States do any better? If the agents of South Carolina are likely to be bitter and unjust partisans, why are not agents selected by a party administration at Washington equally liable to be unfair? If Republicans will not believe in the honest action of Democrats, will Democrats believe in that of Republicans? The essential point is the conviction that fair play at the polls has been secured. But is it possible that such conviction should attend the scheme now proposed? The professed object is a free vote of the colored citizens. But does any reasonable man believe that under the circumstances, and with the feeling that the introduction of this bill has excited, such freedom is possible? What prevents it now? Fear of ill treatment, of loss of occupation. Will that apprehension be removed by this bill?

These are all questions and points that debate would elucidate. But the majority seem to care for nothing but the passage of the bill; or, more truly, a few leaders of the majority. As no earnest desire for its passage has been shown in the country or by the party press, so there seems to be no real interest in it among the majority in the Senate. Financial questions take complete precedence of it, and as we write it is a serious question whether a measure which is declared to be fundamentally and essentially Republican can pass a Republican Senate without a compromise of Republican principles of finance, if, indeed, it can pass at all. The argument that, like the MCKINLEY bill, it is "a mandate of the people," as shown by the election of 1888, is disposed of by the withdrawal of the "mandate" by the election of 1890. Reasoning merely by the result of an election, if the country desired such a measure two years ago, it has changed its mind. There is no more wary and nimble Republican leader than Mr. BLAINE, but has he advocated this bill as desirable legislation? Does he think it a promising party issue, like reciprocity or the Behring Sea question? Does the course of the Senate majority itself show that it believes the party, as a party, wishes to see the bill pass? There can be but one answer.

PARTY LEADERSHIP.

RECENT action in New York shows that intelligent Republicans in that State have duly drawn a wise inference from the late election. Republican disgust, which we have mentioned as the real cause of the result, was not due merely to the MCKINLEY bill. There has been no general conversion of the country to the Democratic party. But for a long time there has been a wide-spread and increasing impatience of prominent Republican leadership. The most striking and significant result of the election was that in Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania is an assured Republican State, and the most distinctively protection State in the Union. The issue generally accepted was that of protection. But Pennsylvania, reversing its enormous Republican majority, elected a Democratic Governor, and to show its meaning elected with him the Republican Lieutenant-Governor. Its object was to brand MATTHEW QUAY as an unworthy leader of the party, and to show to the party in the country the peril of making leaders of such men. But QUAY is only one of a group of the most conspicuous of such leaders. PLATT in New York, DUDLEY in Indiana, CHANDLER in New Hampshire, are all leaders whose prominence breeds profound party discontent. QUAY'S offences were notorious, and they were of a kind which honest and self-respecting Republicans would not condone for the sake of party success. The feeling in regard to the others is of another kind. It is their total failure to represent, what is essential in a true leader, the best spirit and purpose of the party.

LINCOLN, SUMNER, SEWARD, CHASE, ANDREW, were in the highest sense leaders who stood for the character, the aims, and the ability of the party. A party with such representative leaders might be justly expected to conduct the greatest public affairs with the moral enthusiasm and support of their associates. They alone were the best arguments for the party. It was confidence in such men which largely welded the party into a great and resistless force; for a party is measured by its leaders. The sole dependence of the Democratic party during the war was the character, not the opinions and sympathies, of HORATIO SEYMOUR. Its strongest popular argument now is GROVER CLEVELAND. But when the Republican party looks at its more conspicuous and acknowledged leaders of to-day, it is, in plain English, and if frank private confession may be trusted, disgusted. Of course we are not saying that all prominent Republicans are of that kind. But to confine our remarks to this State, it is notorious that the real and efficient Republican leader in New York for some time has been Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT. He has been frankly recognized as such by the President, who has fulfilled his civil service reform pledges in New York by making Mr. PLATT his chief counsellor in the distribution of patronage.

This leadership largely explains the result in this State in November. There were crowds of Republicans who cared more for hitting PLATT and the President than for helping MCKINLEY. There were a great number of such Republicans in the city who would not vote for Mr. SCOTT, the anti-Tammany candidate for Mayor, because they would not strengthen the prestige of PLATT. Such leaders are costly, as the present condition of the party in New York shows, and the movement to supersede the PLATT leadership is interesting as an acknowledgment of the fact. But while a consciousness of the mischief which has arisen from this leadership is a good thing, the substitution of Mr. BELDEN and the Tammany Republicans as leaders would be extremely comical. In what way would such a leadership benefit the party? How would it show any change of heart? Why should a Republican who is disgusted by the "primacy" of PLATT be placated by the offer of BELDEN as chief boss? The movement in that case becomes wholly ludicrous, and if Mr. WARNER MILLER should lend himself to such a scheme, he would surprise and disappoint his friends. It is always urged that in politics we must take what the gods provide, and that we cannot insist that all our associates shall be angels. But if that be the argument, it must be remembered that the gods have already provided PLATT, and that his lieutenants undoubtedly satisfy all the non-angelic requirements. Even the Tammany Republicans could not offer more satisfactory credentials of that kind. In a factional fight between the BELDEN host and the PLATT host the public interest would be very languid, and Republican disgust would hardly disappear. Mr. PLATT'S remarks upon the movement are very contemptuous. But why should they not be? The PLATT leadership is a party misfortune, but even he must despise such a change as the late conference foreshadows. It will be found, doubtless, that disgusted partisans are on their way out of the party.

SITTING BULL AND THE INDIANS.

IF the death of SITTING BULL should prevent an Indian war it would have a most happy effect. General MILES'S statement that there was an Indian conspiracy which surpassed that of PONTIAC, naturally aroused general attention. But there are as yet apparently not enough facts known to corroborate it, and the death of SITTING BULL will perhaps disconcert it. Profound dissatisfaction there certainly is, and even suffering from hunger, and appeals are undoubtedly made against the advance of a race under whose foot the red man sinks and disappears. But the present excitement and alarm offer the proper occasion to repeat emphatically what is undoubtedly the truth, that the radical trouble is the bad faith of the white man.

Long ago General GRANT, discussing the Indian question, said that we had taught them to distrust us. He said that after leaving West Point, when he was stationed upon the frontier, he had observed that the American white man cheated the Indian. He added that the English Canadians were wiser, for they kept faith, and he illustrated his remark by saying that if they promised the Indian a certain kind of blanket, the Indian was sure to get it. But the Indian was not sure that our engagements would be as honestly kept. When promises have been faithfully kept there has been little serious trouble, and the actual progress made by Indians toward civilization under the most exasperating circumstances shows how much might have been expected from a more humane and honest course. Bishop HARE'S recent statement, and he is one of the best witnesses and counsellors in Indian difficulties, contains two important suggestions: one is that there are certain Indian ringleaders who ought to be imprisoned and kept from mischief, and the other is that indiscriminate punishment of Indians should not be allowed. The missionary work among them seems to have produced excellent results, and if it does no more, it shows the good result of good faith.

The President is understood recently to have expressed himself as favoring a transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department. This is a very serious question. Certainly the care of the Indians by the Interior Department leaves very much to be desired. But the indispensable conditions of a wise Indian policy are: first, a single head of the Indian Department, who shall be a man of high character and capacity; then the complete separation of the care of the Indians from politics, and the education of Indian youth. There is no more signal illustration of the mischiefs of the spoils system than that afforded by the ever-recurring Indian troubles. The distinction of our Indian policy is want of principle and common-sense.

POOR IRELAND.

THERE has been no public event for a long time so painful as the sudden collapse of the Irish movement for home rule. The incidents accompanying it are such as to defer indefinitely the success of a renewal of the effort, and the most satisfactory explanation would be that Mr. PARNELL is in some degree deranged. His course and speeches in Ireland have been such as to justify this view. They have but confirmed what we said when they began, that he was pulling down the temple upon himself and his friends. The effect of his proceedings upon English opinion is not doubtful, and it is very probable that he has secured continued Tory control of the British government. In that event, the conduct of the most successful of Irish leaders will have destroyed the hope of the best friends of Ireland.

If it be not the result of insanity, there is something inexpressibly ludicrous in the spectacle of a great political leader and statesman, as he has been called, flying through Ireland, frantically appealing to the mob from a wagon, blackguarding his allies and old friends, breaking into a newspaper office with a crowbar, and finally engaged in a genuine Donnybrook row. Events move so rapidly that something more serious may have occurred before these words are printed; and had his campaign closed in blindness, the end would have been tragical. It is impossible that the scenes in Ireland should not have a profound effect upon English opinion. Election riots are common enough everywhere. But hitherto election rows of which men like Webster and Clay or Blaine and Cleveland were leaders, with buckthorn shillelahs, have never been known. In this country, in the earlier days of the Southwest, Jackson and Benton came to blows. But had their performances been characteristic of the country, the cause of lawful liberty would have been unpromising. The alliance of a man like Gladstone with such a person as Parnell must now seem to the average English observer preposterous, and the Irish cause will suffer accordingly.

It is certainly very doubtful whether the Liberal party can stand against the feeling of doubt and disgust which the spectacle in Ireland produces in England. Mr. O'Brien's hope of compromise showed a want of appreciation of the situation even when he sailed. No kind of compromise was possible, because Parnell had betrayed his real feeling and purpose. Davitt stated the point of the controversy precisely in asking at Kilkenny, "Will you choose Ireland or Parnell?" The situation is one of the most melodramatic political scenes in English history. It seems to involve the close of Gladstone's career as well as of Parnell's.

THE LOGIC OF EVENTS.

Messrs. William Steinway, E. Ellery Anderson, Eugene Kelly, E. V. Loew, Frederic P. Olcott, Oscar Straus, Andrew H. Green, and many other gentlemen of high character and standing in the city, who, on the eve of the late election, declared publicly and unitedly that in their judgment "the best interests of the municipality will be served by the re-election of Hugh J. Grant," must hold that such appointments as those of Patrick Divver and John J. Ryan to be Police Justices are such as the Mayor of New York ought to make. It is by such appointments that the value of their advice to voters ought to be tested, for they are all intelligent men with interests at stake, they knew Mayor Grant and the influences which controlled him, and they knew that such appointments, had Mr. Scott been elected, would have been impossible.

These gentlemen may be said virtually to have approved in advance, and to have exhorted other good citizens to approve, appointments of which a paper which agreed with them now says:

> "Divver has no other qualification for judicial functions than such as are implied in the statement that he is a saloon-keeper, a politician of a small and unworthy sort, an ex-Alderman, and the friend and associate of men of defective reputation.
>
> "Ryan is an undertaker by trade, a ward politician by profession, and the special friend and supporter of 'Tommy' Sheils, one of the Aldermen of 1884 who were indicted for participation in the 'boodle' Broadway Railroad bribery.
>
> "It is bad enough when such men are appointed to ordinary municipal offices. Their selection for judicial office is shameful, and their appointment brings the administration of justice into contempt."

Nobody, of course, can be surprised by such appointments by such a Mayor. But other good citizens may certainly be surprised that such men as we have mentioned should be willing to promote them.

This, however, is to be expected so long as city elections turn on party politics. The gentlemen who urged the re-election of Mayor Grant undoubtedly thought that the election of Mr. Scott would confirm the power of Mr. Platt, and were willing to defeat it even at the cost of re-electing Grant. Everything was apparently of weight in that election but the interests and welfare of the city. It would be insulting to the gentlemen named to assume that they hold Mr. Grant to be a proper person to hold the chief executive and representative office in the city of New York. The exigencies of party politics may seem to them to require his nomination and support. But it is a rather dismal assumption that the necessary existence of parties in the republic must necessarily prevent its greatest city from enjoying economical and efficient government under the supervision of one of its most eminent citizens.

THE PREVIOUS QUESTION IN THE SENATE.

The Republican caucus of the Senate has decided to report a form of the previous question to end debate. This is a course which has not been thought wise or necessary during the century of the existence of the Senate, but which is unquestionably within its right. No legislative body is bound to permit a minority to prevent action. The minority, indeed, has the right, which Speaker Reed denies, to compel the majority to assume its just responsibility, but not to prevent its assuming that responsibility. If this were justifiable the majority of the people would cease to rule.

The particular object for which the adoption of the previous question is now proposed in the Senate is the passage of the election bill. But until such a rule exists, how the debate upon the adoption of the rule is to be concluded does not appear. The proposed rule can be debated indefinitely, like the proposed election bill. Moreover, it is not yet evident that the majority is agreed upon such a rule. There are Republican Senators who do not approve the election bill, and who may, therefore, oppose the adoption of the rule. The action of the caucus cannot be considered to lay down a party principle upon which there can be no difference of opinion. It is merely the suggestion of a method by which the passage of a party measure may be facilitated. That, however, is an open question, so that the caucus action cannot be regarded as conclusive.

If, however, the views of the opponents of the election bill are correct, its passage could not benefit the party of the majority. Its results, for which that party would be responsible, would necessarily discredit it with the country. The exasperation of feeling, the derangement of industry, the total failure to accomplish the alleged object of the law, and the indignant protest against unwise and untimely legislation would certainly not help the party responsible for it. The debate upon the adoption of some form of the previous question in the Senate will be exceedingly interesting.

POLICE MATRONS.

It is hard to speak moderately of the action of the Police Board in the city of New York in refusing to ask the Board of Estimate and Apportionment for a proper appropriation to defray the expense of four police matrons. The law of the State makes it mandatory upon all cities but New York to separate the women and boys from the men in the station-houses, and Governor Hill vetoed the mandatory clause as to New York, in order that the city might act without compulsion. He did not deny the wisdom and necessity of such separation, nor that it ought to be made in New York, and since his action the facts adduced have shown beyond any possible doubt the necessity of the provision.

The officers of the chief charitable organizations in the city, who best comprehend the situation, and who speak with the highest authority, have united in a petition to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment for an appropriation to the Police Board for the purpose. They state the case in the strongest manner. Of 82,200 committals to the police stations during the year 1889, there were 19,926 women and 9514 boys under twenty years of age. The petition says, truly, "Can a system permitting the moral corruption and indecency flowing from such contact of the sexes be properly called otherwise than barbarous and infamous?" It gives glimpses of a condition in the midst of civilization that is generally supposed to have reached its height in the English prisons of the eighteenth century and to have passed away. But the Board of Police, by a tie vote, are apparently desirous of continuing it in New York.

Half of the women arrested are intoxicated and regardless of ordinary decency. "What can be said for a system that hands these women over, practically bereft of reason, to men exclusively?" This question, put by those best qualified by knowledge to ask it, cannot be answered. The petition urges that if the appropriation should be made, it would make the change mandatory upon the Police Board under the terms of the present law.

THE FAYERWEATHER WILL.

The litigation of the Fayerweather will enforces the exhortation of Mr. Carnegie that rich men should be their own executors, and make their gifts before they die. The announcement of the generous bequests to colleges and hospitals by Mr. Fayerweather was received with universal satisfaction. The gifts were generous to the colleges, and they had the peculiar merit of being entirely unencumbered with conditions. This is the true rule for such donations. Mr. Fayerweather, who intended to aid the colleges, not to exalt himself, knew that they knew much better than he could know how to use money for their benefit to the best advantage. He therefore simply gave it unconditionally.

Among the many and constant generous benefactions of this kind in this country none is more signal than this. In a day the name of a gentleman, hitherto known only to his friends, became universally known, and with the happiest renown. It was munificence as modest as it was great, and a man's fortune was well spent if only in the acquisition of the kindly regard of a whole country for his name. Some of the men most justly eminent in common speech are those whose distinction it is to have made it possible for others to obtain the education which they had not themselves received. There is no nobler list than that which contains the names of great American benefactors of colleges, libraries, and museums.

It is understood that the litigation is not begun in order to deprive the colleges of their bequests, but to reach the rest of the fortune. Whatever the motive, however, if Mr. Fayerweather had personally distributed his bounty, the contest would have been avoided. If Mr. Tilden while still living had made over the money to trustees, New York might now be enjoying the great free library that he designed. Mr. Carnegie has acted upon what he thinks the better plan, and he has seen probably no reason to doubt its wisdom.

DISHONORS EASY.

Mr. Roswell G. Horr, of Michigan, is an excellent Republican stump-speaker, and was known in Congress as one of the funny members. He maintained his reputation for humor by saying recently in New York that it bothered him to associate reform with the Democratic party, and he mentioned certain Democrats, some of whom are certainly ludicrous reformers. But if Mr. Horr had been speaking to an audience which was not wholly partisan he would probably have been asked, as the *World* asked him next day, whether he was bothered at all in associating Quay and Dudley and Delamater and other well-known Republicans with reform. What would he think, for instance, of Mr. Clarkson or Mr. Wanamaker as reformers?

Mr. Horr undoubtedly had his gibe, and a laugh from his audience. But the day is gone when the Republican party could be truly called a reform party, or all Democrats derided as hostile to reform. Mr. Evarts said substantially in the Senate that the opposition to measures for securing honest elections was always Democratic. It is not to be denied that it has been generally so in New York, and yet we do not remember any occasion of effrontery so shameless, or defiance of regard for honest elections so brazen, as the Republican dinner to Dorsey in New York after the election of Garfield, at which the most rapturously received joke of the evening was the declaration that Indiana had been carried by soap. The Democrats have often cheated at the polls, but they have not, like the Republicans at that dinner, hilariously boasted of cheating.

The dishonors of cheating at elections are easy between the parties, and nothing can now be gained by Republican orators by assuming that Republicans are the good party and Democrats the bad. Indeed, independent Republicans have been angrily reproached for refusing to support what they held to be bad or unfit candidates. They have been savagely asked whether they must have angels every time? "Why, certainly," as Mr. Horr would probably say; "aren't all the bad people Democrats?" Mr. Horr should extend his researches.

PERSONAL.

The Sultan of Turkey has conferred upon Mrs. Whitelaw Reid the order of the Shefkat, the highest Turkish decoration that can be given to a woman.

—The poet Whittier observed his eighty-third birthday quietly at his winter home, Oak Knoll, in Danvers, Massachusetts. Many kindly messages came to him, but, owing to the infirmities of age, he received no calls.

—Alfred Russel Wallace has received the first Darwin Medal from the Royal Society.

—Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, for twenty-seven years librarian of the Walkinson Library of Reference at Hartford, Connecticut, has resigned on account of ill health.

—Rubinstein has resigned his place as Director of the St. Petersburg Conservatory, and is said to be seriously afflicted with melancholy.

—Queen Victoria has distinguished herself again as a successful stock-raiser by taking a number of prizes at the Smithfield Club Cattle-show in England.

—Jay Gould believes that a wealthy man's son should have a trade to fall back upon in case of adversity. He has therefore given his son George an opportunity to learn all there is worth knowing about telegraphy, from the breezy feat of climbing a telegraph pole and tapping a wire to the sending or taking of a message.

—Barney Frickers, an eccentric character at Alliance, Ohio, died in his coffin the other day. He was seventy-five years old, and for the past twenty years had made it his rule to dress in a shroud and sleep in the coffin, which was of oak, and covered with allegorical figures.

—Miss Julia Marlowe, the actress, who has been seriously ill in Philadelphia for a number of weeks, is slowly recovering.

—The famous Lafayette family of France has become extinct by the death of Senator Edmond de Lafayette, a grandson of the General. He was a wealthy bachelor and gave largely to charities.

—The last to become an "Immortal," as those elected to the French Academy are called, is Charles Louis de Sancies de Freycinet, who has been so prominent in French politics since the coming in of the republic. He is sixty-three years old, and until 1870 was a mining and railroad engineer by profession. In Paris, where he has been nicknamed "the Little White Mouse," he is known as an accomplished speaker and writer, and a fine chess-player.

—Miss Annie R. Osgood, of Augusta, Maine, has been appointed a register of deeds, to succeed her dead father, whose assistant she was for a number of years.

—Fanny Kemble (Mrs. Butler) is eighty-two years old, and feeble. She lives with a daughter in Surrey, England.

—The Senior class at Phillips (Exeter) Academy, following the example of the last class at Harvard, have elected a colored youth as their class orator. He is Henry C. Minton, of Philadelphia, and is said to be bright in his studies, and a good speaker.

—Baron Huddleston, known in England as "the last of the Barons," because he was the last to receive that title before it was abolished, is dead. He gained distinction in Parliament and as Solicitor-General and judge. His wife, Lady Diana Beauclerk, was the sister of the Duke of St. Albans.

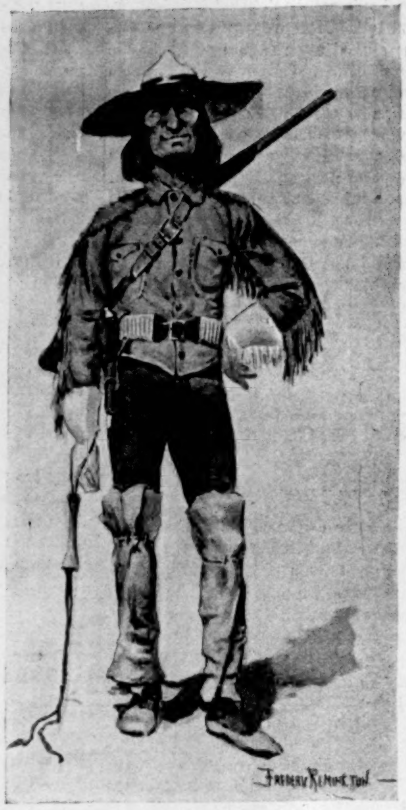
—Daniel Salisbury and his wife, of Lac Qui Parle, Minnesota, are probably the oldest married couple in this country. They are one hundred and three and one hundred and one years old respectively, have been married eighty years, and are still "quite smart."

—Mr. E. S. Willard is making steady and sure way with the New York public. Every night his fine character study of the old potter in *The Middleman* is applauded with an enthusiasm that is somewhat unusual here. One begins to look forward to seeing him as a young man. His Judah Llewellyn in the forth-coming play is a remarkable change from that of Blenkarn. It has been stated that Mr. Willard is likely to become a member of Mr. Palmer's stock company; but this announcement has evidently been made under a misapprehension of Willard's position. He is not only a star actor at home, but he has made a distinct position as an actor-manager. While it is not at all unlikely that his pleasant association with Mr. Palmer will be extended, it will not be in the direction suggested. Mr. Palmer has cancelled dates at several other cities to enable Mr. Willard to continue his work in this city. Among other plays that will be produced during his stay is a drama from the pen of Mr. Joseph Hatton, in which the English actor is provided with a strong, new, and effective part, inspired by a famous American novel.

INDIANS AS IRREGULAR CAVALRY.

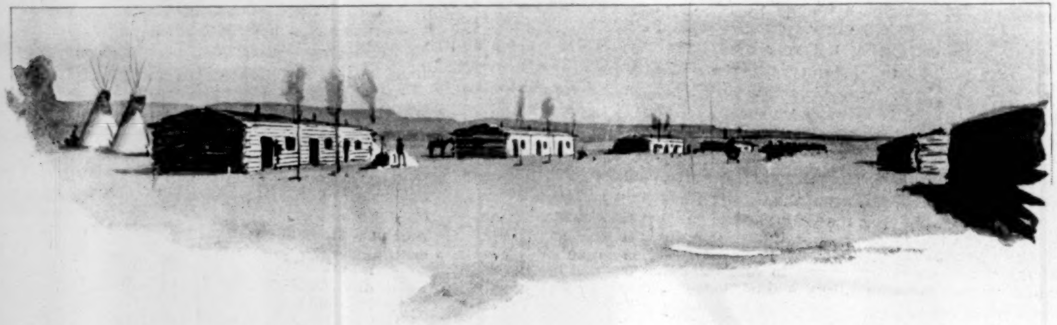
ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE lowest type of Italian or Hungarian immigrant has little or no comprehension of American government or civilization. Most of them could not tell the difference between the Constitution and a coal-scuttle. The Indians are more enlightened, for they have at least one distinct impression regarding the government. They know that it never keeps its word. Any old chief will tell you that white men are all liars, and if you press him regarding it, he will prove it, and the only exception he will make is the white soldier. This class of men has formed a decided respect for the Indians, on the principle of that strange liking you have for a man after you have fought with him. Every young West-Pointer learns very early in his career never to speak anything but the exact truth to an Indian. This code of morals was acquired from a savage race. Think of it! Buffalo hump seems to feed moral character better than *pâté de foie gras.* I have heard Indian commissions talk to a ring of chiefs about their land titles, and the Indians could no more understand the white man's legal talk than the white man can smell a camp fire a mile away as an Indian can. Their title to their lands is clear in their minds, because some representative of the government has told them it was, and that ought to be reason enough, they think.

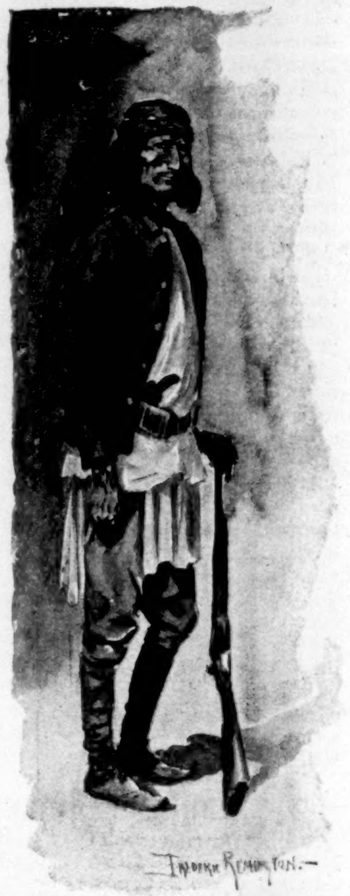


IDEAL UNIFORM FOR INDIAN SOLDIER.

After we regard Indians as children in their relation to us, we must understand another thing, and that is that they are only second to the Norsemen of old as savage warriors. They possess all the virtues and some of the weaknesses of that condition. About a year ago a Portuguese newspaper intimated that the English nation were simply Norse pirates, notwithstanding they were supposed to have progressed somewhat in a thousand years. Twenty-five years has not made a plodding, praying man out of the befeathered brave of the Great Plains, and twenty-five years more will not either.

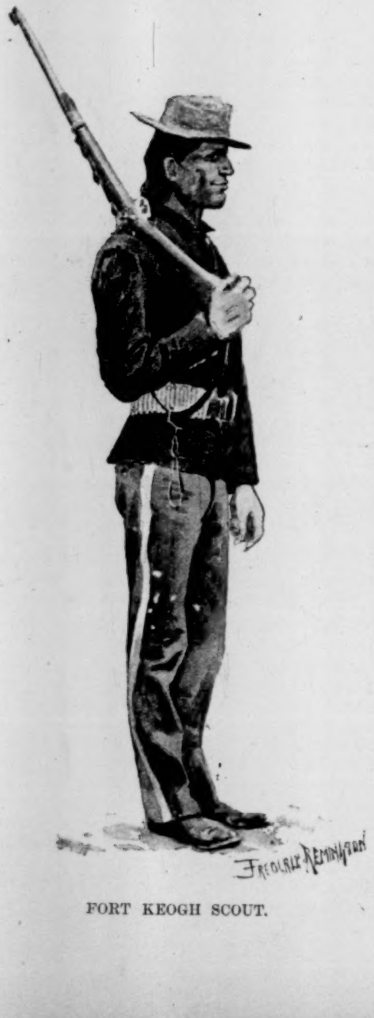


LIEUTENANT CASEY'S SCOUT POST AT FORT KEOGH.

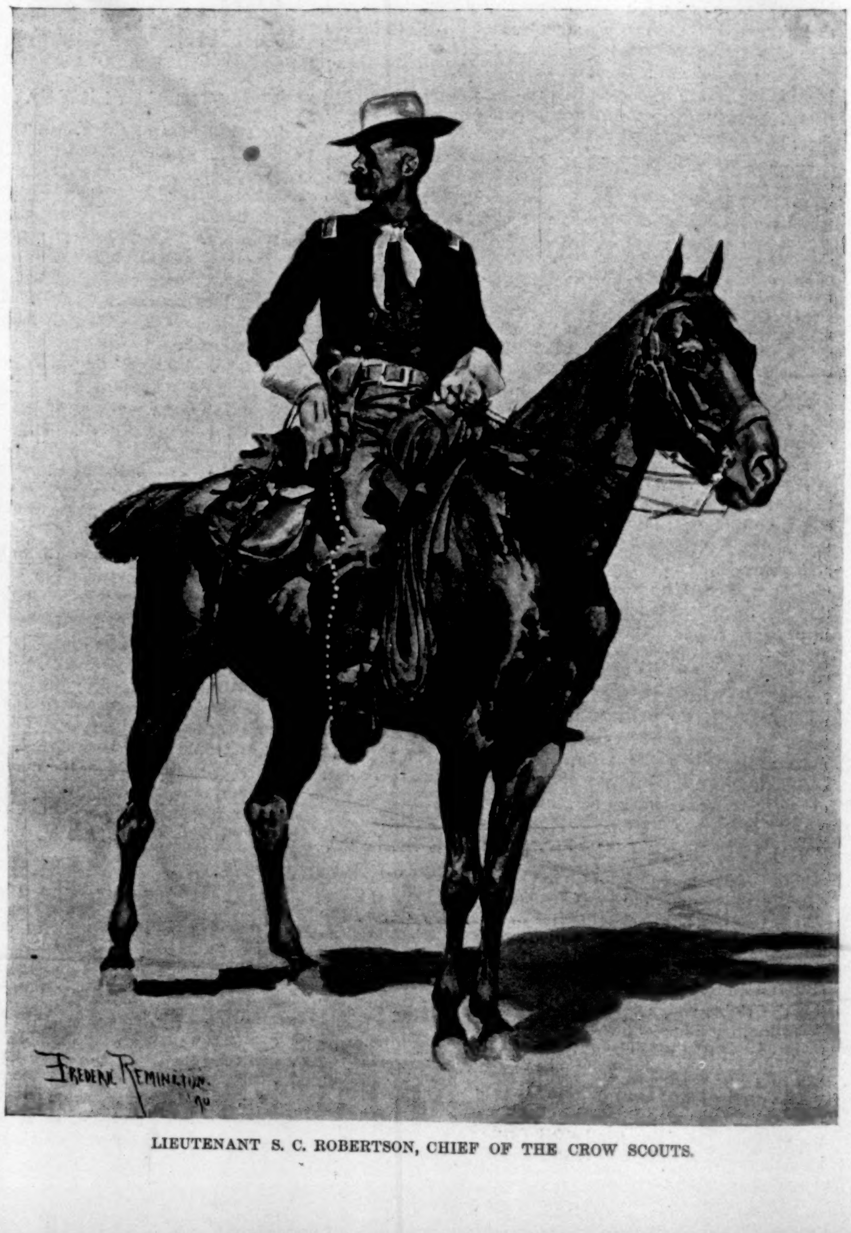


AN APACHE SCOUT.

Above wealth, wives, children, and civil renown, there is one thing an Indian holds next to his God, and around their mind is emblazoned the halo of him who can fight and die. A soldier—that is the man whose image fills an Indian's eye. The bow and the lance were the emblems of all that was noble in the old days, and a little man in a blue uniform is the only thing good about the white people which an Indian ever saw. He represents courage, justice, and truth; and while the civil agents sent from Washington to dole out bad and insufficient rations to a conquered race may receive the homage, they can never command the respect of the wild tribes.

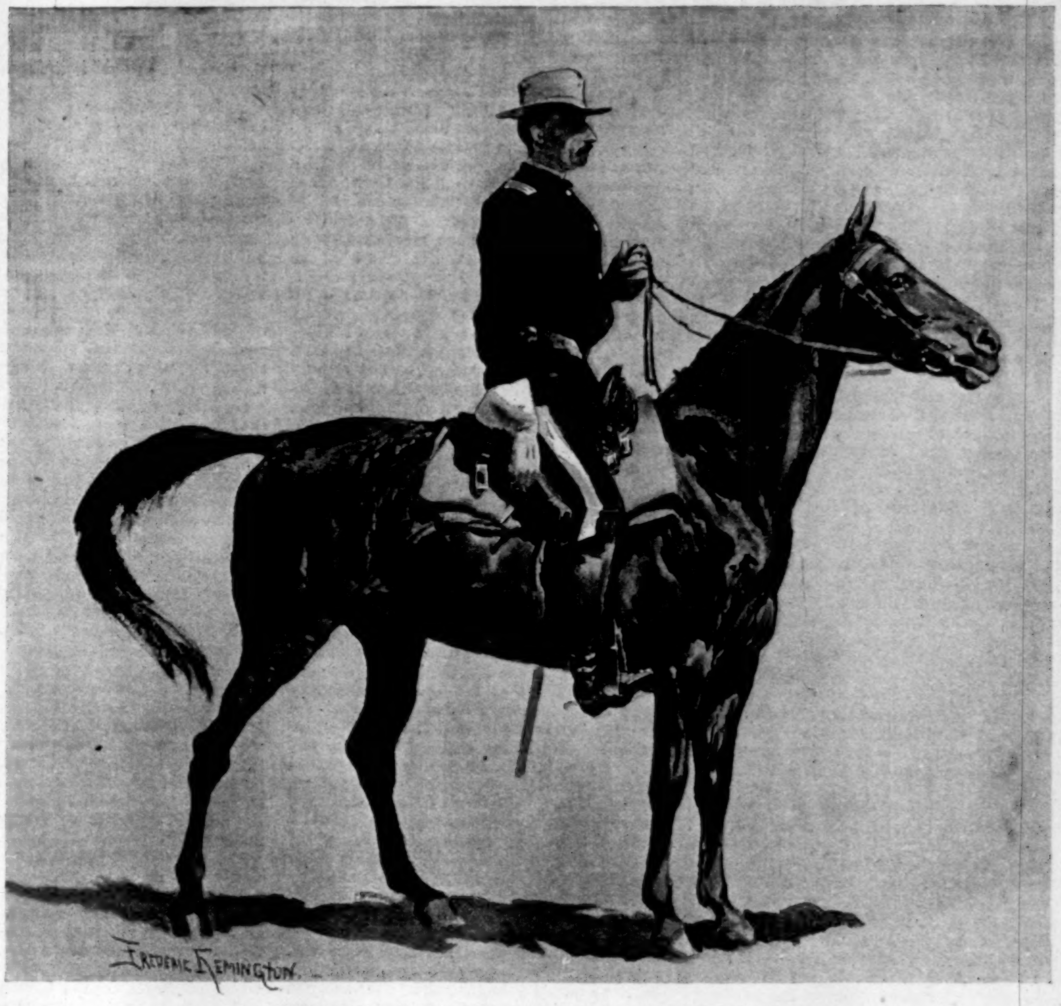


FORT KEOGH SCOUT.



LIEUTENANT S. C. ROBERTSON, CHIEF OF THE CROW SCOUTS.

After two centuries of civil administration, with its agents, its treachery, its inefficiency, and at times its horrible corruption, where are the Indians? Such as survived the flood of white immigration are living in poverty and ignorance. They have never attained even an ordinary state of industrial progress. The Indians now living on reservations in the State of New York have had two hundred years of civil agents, and have had their morals looked after by the Christian Church, and yet I could never see that they had any mission in life beyond waiting for death. The Cherokees and isolated individual instances which might be quoted to the contrary are half white in their blood, which will account for their progress. It must also be borne firmly in mind that all these Eastern Indians were corn planters from remote times. The wild buffalo-eating Indians are steadily retrograding. With the healthy occupations of the hunter gone, they draw their rations listlessly, which having eaten, they starve, and in idleness their minds, morals, and bodies degenerate from lack of use. It seems that no amount of explaining will ever suppress that inevitable question of "Why do they not farm?" But, to treat the thing seriously, I will explain that a part of the Indian Territory is a fine farming country, and is inhabited by the remnants of the Eastern tribes, who do farm to some extent. The Cheyennes, Comanches, Kiowas, and Arapahoes live west of the rain belt, and it is exceptional when a corn crop can be raised once in four years. That seems to be reason enough to deter white men from farming there, and it ought to at least account for the Indians' lack of success. Those parts of Kansas and Texas lying north and south of these reservations are not regarded as farming countries. On certain parts of the Sioux reserve crops might be raised, but on the greater area of it no results can be attained without irrigation. The northern Cheyennes could not farm for the same reason, though the Crows are more fortunately situated, as the broad bottoms of the Little Big Horn can be irrigated at a trifling expense. A curious fact might be mentioned in confirmation of all this, which is that there are less white people on the high plains of the Northwest now than there were ten years ago, and there will probably be less in ten years more than there are now, unless the country is reclaimed by irrigation, which could only be done by a system of water storage made possible after a vast outlay of labor and capital. Knowing these facts, it is serious ignorance when one hears this talk about farming on the old buffalo range. Any stockman will tell you that it is a question, and most of them will decide in the negative, when you ask if the high plains of the Northwest are a cattle country, to say nothing of agriculture. All these reports of Indian agents to their department about the industrial, and especially the agricultural, progress of their wards are gilded, to say the least; and in a great many instances you can rub off the gilt and disclose simple commonplace lies, with no foundation whatever in fact. But the Indian agents are simply men who are occupying a political appointment for a brief term, and they do many things which are not high-minded. It does not seem necessary for me to go on to prove that the Indian Department is not a joy forever. Very few people think it is, and most of those who do have a finger in the pie. They have never been distinguished for anything except Indian wars, and for almost every affair of the kind they are entirely responsible. The Northwest is dotted over with soldiers sleeping out in the snows of this winter because of the mismanagement of the Indian Bureau. With an instance of this incompetency before their eyes nearly half of the time, people in the East ought to understand, and every man who in the West comes near enough to get the stench cannot but know its rottenness. It's unchristian, it's inhuman, it's vile. It is the constantly recurring old story—a gross case of mismanagement. And then the army is called


FREDERIC REMINGTON.

LIEUTENANT CASEY, COMMANDANT OF CHEYENNE SCOUTS.

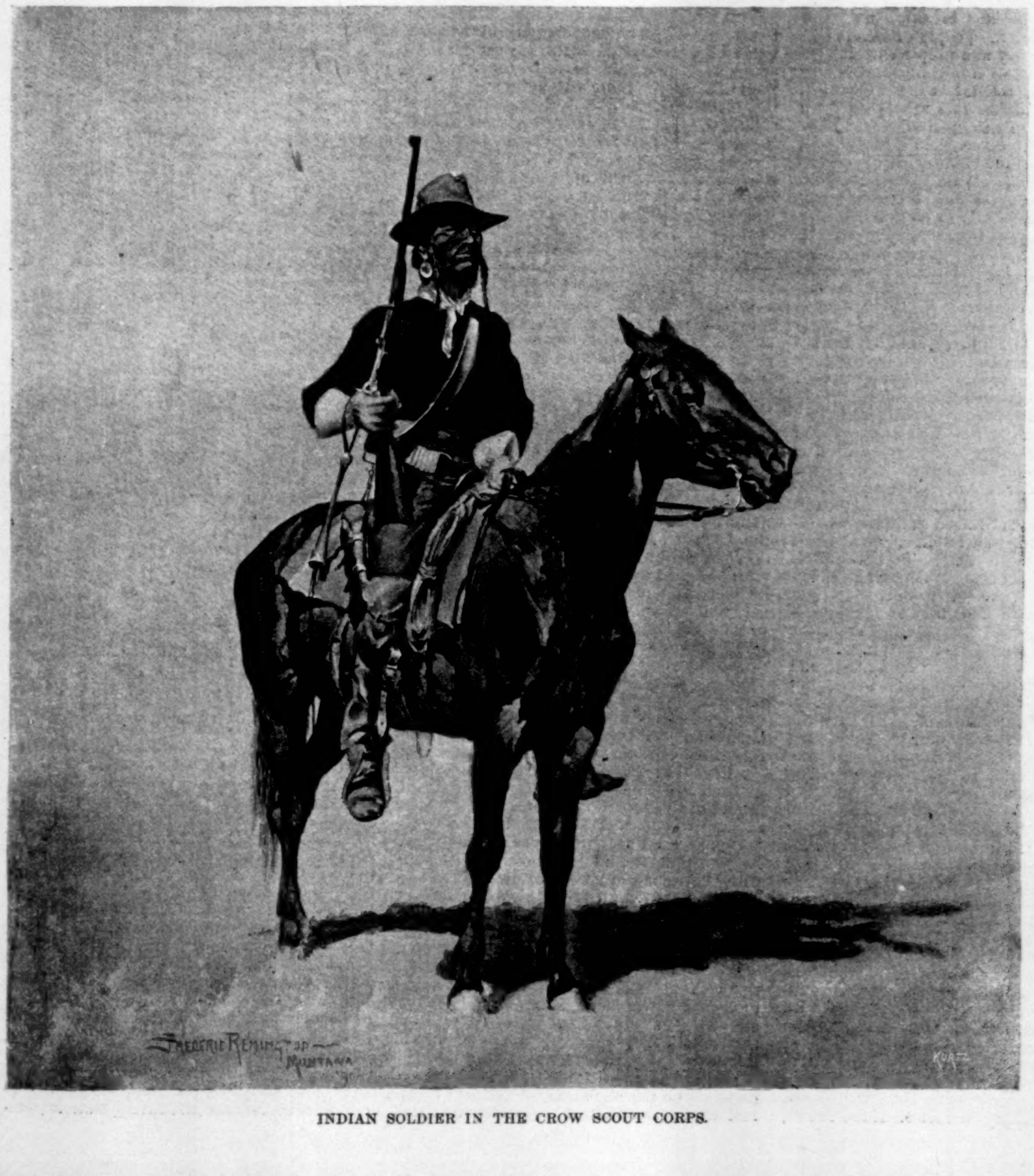
in to be responsible—to protect the lives of the settlers, and in these days to shoot down a people who have the entire sympathy of every soldier in the ranks.

Of course I know as well as any one else what will be done in this matter. The dishonor will continue, and I only hope for pardon when I oppose the laws of nature. The Saxon race is not in a habit of dividing the spoils with a conquered one. It never has, and the millennium is yet a long way off. Many generations from now posterity will apologize for their rude ancestry, much as we do for the enterprising fur traders, whose hands weighed a pound in a beaver-skin transaction. The only excuse I have for not being absurd in this matter, when I argue that the wild Indian tribes can be allowed to live, is that their lands are so worthless that we do not want them, and that, secondly, they can be made useful to us—two reasons selfish enough for us to entertain. To touch ancient history for a sentimental reason, we all know that the hatred of the Six Nations for the Canadas made the English occupation of this continent possible, which would have been questionable in its contest with the French régime, backed by its Church and State. To come to our own generations, we recognize that Indians have co-operated with our troops in every contest for the acquisition of the Great West. Delawares guided our columns to Mexico in '47. Friendly Cheyennes led Mackenzie into his fight on the Big Horn Mountains against their own tribe. General Crook was guided to every hidden stronghold of the Apaches by Apaches who were not disaffected. I do not, of course, mean to say that these acts were inspired by true loyalty to the old flag, but I do think it demonstrates that experienced United States army officers can handle these people under any and all conditions. One thing is certain—the wild tribes are steadily retrograding under Interior Department management. I do not for a moment want to be understood as censuring the present administration in particular. It was as true of the last administration as it is of this one, and it will be as true of the next as it was of the last. It is the system which is responsible. We are year after year oppressing a conquered people, until it is now assuming the magnitude of a crime. Any administration which will change this order of things will have one claim on immortality.

There is at present a disposition to recognize that things are not as they should be, and this last Sioux Indian affair has demonstrated that the Indian Bureau is inefficient, and has near cost us a bloody war. Its continued management of Indian affairs is liable at any time to send wild Indians on the war-path. Every man in the United States knows that this is so if he takes pains to investigate, and yet the thing goes on. In the case of the Apaches, they were self-supporting for years after their early conquest by General Crook, and were then turned over to the Indian Department. The result was a series of bloody outbreaks, which came near depopulating Arizona, New Mexico, and Sonora. The northern Cheyennes, after they surrendered to General Miles, irrigated and raised crops at the mouth of Tongue River for two years, and almost immediately sank into poverty and sloth when given the Interior Department ration, for which they did not have to work in order to procure. These are cases in hand. Efforts have been made and thousands of dollars expended at the Cheyenne Agency, on the Lame Deer Creek, to make the Indians farm. I did not see an acre of ploughed ground while there, although there may be some hidden away for all I know. The short ration which is issued to them keeps them in dire hunger, and if starving savages kill ranchmen's cattle I do not blame them. I would do the same under similar circumstances. Recently I see that some gentleman in Congress proposed to make Indians pay the penalty of their violent protests against starvation by seizing their own property. When a man thinks about the property of the northern Cheyennes, he laughs at the idea. The average Cheyenne buck could very readily get his entire earthly possessions on four or five ponies. People are prone to think that since the buffalo are gone the Indian cannot wage war. Error of errors! They were at a great disadvantage in those days, because they had to stop fighting and go out hunting, while now they can find a herd of domestic cattle in a day's ride in any direction either east or west of the Rocky Mountains, and a hay-stack, often enough to recuperate their ponies for the winter war-path. They have arms and ammunition, and I marvel only at their moderation. Chief Joseph demonstrated what a few desperate Indians can do when driven to it.

Now we will suppose that the American people desire to do justice to the wild Indians; we will suppose that they want to avert these interminable Indian outbreaks; and we will assume that they have the best interests of the American army at heart; and then we will turn them all over to the War Department. Since the Indian ring found the Apaches unprofitable, and they passed to the War Department, you do not hear of outbreaks among them. It was only through the statements of a general in the United States army that the United States Senate learned that the Sioux were being starved. The army people would like to take the Indians, as they do not doubt their own ability to handle them; and the thing farthest from their minds would be to precipitate hostilities with the red men, since the War Department does not regard Indian campaigning as war. The War Department could then organize them into a semi-industrial military force, much after the fashion of the Cossacks, whose company chief is responsible for their operations in peace and their deeds in war. He is both the head of the village and the war chief. Four or five irregular cavalry regiments could be organized, at the discretion of the war-office officials, and then the separate troop formations could be 100 men each. We might say, for instance, that is A Troop of the First Irregular Cavalry—they are Crows; and that is K Troop of the same regiment—they are Cheyennes. Each company should have its own permanent village, situated near its agricultural or stock-raising operations, and let the captain of the company be the head of the village. He has judicial and administrative powers, and is responsible to his superior in a military way. These officers should come from the regular army, and they may apply for the appointments after their experience and natural capacity are considered. Under this arrangement pride of company is inculcated, and emulation is natural between the troops and their commander. Each officer would then be given an opportunity to apply his theories, and by experience much might be developed. There can be issued the regular clothing and pay of a soldier, and a ration for themselves and families such as is sufficient. This ration in time might be decreased if they attained to agricultural success. Each man should be required to have at least two good serviceable ponies, and each company should have a complete pack train. This would cost a little more than under the Interior Department, but when we figure on the attendant Indian wars, it would be as nothing. In time the regiments of the regular army could be withdrawn from the small posts, and concentrated by brigades, with great good to themselves from every point of view.

All this has been suggested in times past, and found fault with by a certain class of politicians "who are not in with the deal," and by a good many estimable people belonging to Indian societies, who are in a habit of congregating with the purpose of harrowing up each other's feelings over the wrongs of the red men. I am happy to say that the above suggestion is no longer an experiment, but has been tried thoroughly, with results which



INDIAN SOLDIER IN THE CROW SCOUT CORPS.

are so astonishingly successful that they should be seen to be appreciated. There is a corps of Apache scouts at San Carlos, and they are doing very well, but need experienced men to deal with them. I would not recommend that they be brought under this régime at present. They live in a very difficult country, and are yet wild, having had very little contact with white people, and having been lately at war with the United States troops. Their present management is the best one for a considerable period in the future. There is a small but efficient corps of Comanche and Kiowa scouts at Fort Sill, whose main business is to keep individual Texans in a realizing state of mind when they covet their neighbor's horse or his ox. They are good material for soldiers; and so are their neighbors, the southern Cheyennes and the Arapahoes, although these latter are undergoing the operation of being starved into farming, and regard the whole process with ill-concealed disgust. There is a very fine corps of Cheyennes at Fort Reno, and they were the first perfectly uniformed and organized troop of Indians I had ever seen; and I talked with some Carlisle school-boys who had lately been discharged from the corps in order to make room for others of the tribe, and they were full of regrets, as they had liked soldiering, and now had nothing to do but draw rations at the agency. They were very bright young fellows, fairly educated, and each had a trade, I believe. There was no possible way for them to earn a living. They were not allowed off the reservation, and so they must sit calmly down and do nothing. Idleness is fully as bad for an Indian as a white man, and is always the godfather of folly and crime. At Reno I saw young scouts who would make a West Point drill-master's mouth water. They were "set up" until they had completely lost the habitual slouch of an Indian, and strode about as straight and proud as a drill-sergeant. Indeed, it was this little corps which first impressed me with the possibilities of the whole scheme. Their pride in being soldiers was the noticeable feature. A young scout passed through the garrison, and no man about the post held his head up higher or put his foot down firmer than that young chap, who would, in his blanket, have sneaked along under the gutters of the buildings like a coyote under a cut bank. They were well dressed. will fed, full of pride in their business, and full of respect for their superiors. The same man, if he were ploughing a field, would ill conceal his mortification at doing a thing which he had been taught for generations was low-spirited, degrading, and which he had always found profitless.

The Indian tribes are yet warriors; they have not lost their instincts or respect for the trade of war; but an Indian will do the most arduous and laborious work if he has a cavalry uniform on, when he would not lift his little finger to the task if dressed in his bright blanket and bead-work, both of which are emblematic of a thousand years of glorious deeds of arms. He sees the white soldiers work, and makes as great a distinction between the laboring soldier and his agricultural brother, as you would between a farm hand and a gentleman cultivating orchids in his conservatory. I had become aware that the government was trying the experiment at Fort Keogh. When at that place I was driven out to the little village of Lieutenant E. W. Casey's Cheyenne scouts. I saw a long line of well-constructed log buildings, corrals, and stables, also a large garden fenced and cultivated. I entered the houses and saw comfort and cleanliness. I saw smiling faces and laughing children. I saw perfectly kept cavalry arms and accoutrements, and fine Indian soldiers, who stood like bronze statues, and saluted in the best possible form, while never a muscle of their stern faces twitched, and they looked a soldier, and felt a soldier, and were in fact the finest I had ever seen. I saw them mount and fall in and drill in admirable shape, all by a sign of Lieutenant Casey's right hand, because they do not understand English well enough. I admired the indomitable zeal of Lieutenant Casey, and hoped his work would lead to greater things. Indeed, if he were properly supported, why could not Fort Keogh be abandoned at some future day, and why could not Casey and his company of the First Irregular Cavalry do the work of the garrison, and let the Eighth Cavalry and the Twenty-second Infantry go to Fort Snelling, and there perfect themselves, so that when we call for the skeleton of our army organization in time of war, we will find it worthy to be built on to.

Six months before, all these men were down at the Lame Deer Agency doing nothing, unless to go out gunning for a ranchman's cattle. Lieutenant Casey brought them up to the mouth of the Tongue River, uniformed and equipped them, and ploughed and made a garden after irrigating the land. He then took them up the Yellowstone, and —it is almost beyond belief—he gave them axes, with which they mauled logs, and with the help of their ponies they tugged them out to the river, and drove them down to the fort. They then hewed the logs, and built cabins as good as any ranchman's in the country. Lieutenant Casey and his interpreter (an old Fifth Infantry soldier who has been in battle against Cheyennes) were the only white men along. Beyond doing all this work, they are well drilled, and all in six months. We keep army recruits four months at a depot before we forward them. I should not be surprised if Lieutenant Casey had his Indians herding sheep in course of time, and that is the particular thing that an Indian will not do.

What did I see at the Lame Deer Agency? A lot of shrouded creatures lying about or darting over the hills, as purposeless and mysterious as creatures out of Dante's "Inferno." Later on in my travels a lot of dark-skinned soldiers were drawn up to escort a major-general. They were the Crow Scout Corps of Fort Custer, under command of Lieutenant S. C. Robertson, of the First Cavalry, another zealous young man with a fiery purpose to have the best scout corps on the crust of the earth. His methods are different from Casey's. He wastes no time on industrial affairs, but goes in for the purely military standard. He is a West-Pointer and a graduate of the French School of Cavalry, talks the sign language, and is rapidly mastering the Crow tongue. Lieutenant Casey is a West-Pointer, an old soldier who has fought with Indian scouts under him, and has seen much of their people. Here are young men as types. They are educated; they are brave; they are soldiers for life. They can have no success in life beyond what their military accomplishments bring them. They know that the least indiscretion on their part would cost them their commissions. This is the sort of man who should take the place of the ha'-penny politician who has been nurtured in the belief that to plunder the Indians is a natural reward for good service in his political district. As we rode along with these active warriors they would put their ponies at top speed down very steep hills; they were far ahead and on the flanks. It was the most perfect piece of escort duty that I ever saw. They wore leather leggins instead of cavalry boots, as did Casey's men, and they had no saddle pockets or rope lariats. Instead of this latter, they carried their own hair rope, lighter and stronger than the great piece of hemp of the cavalry. An Indian is the best possible light irregular cavalryman, and his methods cannot be improved by introducing ours, and he can learn little indeed from a white trooper.

Major-General Miles having had a vast experience with Indians, I agree with him when he says we should not be over-hasty in arming a people who may at any time be our opponents. We must not forget, though, that it is impossible to keep the Sioux disarmed and still allow them their liberty. We must also remember that Indian police and scouts, in the service both of the army and the agents, have never proved untrustworthy, or attended the ghost dances of the last year. If a large Indian military establishment were maintained, one tribe could be made to fight another as readily as it has been done in times past. But under a just administration of their affairs there would be no more chances of the Indians breaking out than there would be of the people of Deadwood or Helena. Industry and proper care will do completely away with all the turbulence which at times characterizes the present administration of affairs. As scouts they are used constantly on detached service. They are perfect marvels as couriers, and can trail stray horses, scout the country, arrest deserters, and guide troops about. When the government starts its great horse-breeding farm, which it must do shortly or have its cavalry mounted on brewery horses, they would be of great use as herders. They could raise crops in summer, and, in short, be made to work systematically, as Lieutenant Casey has demonstrated. The small scout corps as at present organized have their time fully taken up with duties of a purely military character, but under the Cossack organization they would be a semi-industrial military class, who in time would become self-supporting.

There are many views as to their proper organization and equipment among practical and experienced army officers, but all this is a small matter which could be changed from time to time in the light of experience. General Miles would have them armed only with the revolver, and accoutred as lightly as possible, in order that they might ride with great rapidity and endure long. This would be proper as mere scouts, but as irregular cavalry they should have the carbine. It would be a pity to equip and handle Indian soldiers in any manner calculated to eradicate their primitive traits. A little thing, for instance, is this: by long moving in the solid ranks a cavalry horse cannot be forced out of them. In the battle of the Little Big Horn General Custer's horses stampeded over the field in solid troop formations. This is not a grave defect in dragoon cavalry operations, but would be fatal to light cavalry. The Indian and his pony must be the unit, not the company. Indians should be allowed to scatter out on the march, and not be kept in the column. It is a curious fact that on the plains you can tell two cow-boys from two Indians at a great distance. The cow-boys will ride abreast, and the Indians will trail after each other. As to the uniform of these bodies, I suggest one in my drawings which is light, inexpensive, and which preserves as much of the local color of the Indian as possible. I believe in building the little log village. Some commanders will not agree with this, saying that it softens the men; let them live in the tepee, and retain the hardihood of the hunter state. We must remember that the organization I speak of is semi-industrial as well, and in process of time would lose much of its military character. If the Crows, Cheyennes, and Sioux become wealthy, industrious, and contented, the First Cavalry will not be at Fort Custer, but in New York, Leavenworth, or Chicago. In the case of a light scouting corps, I admit you must nurse the savage.

There is one thing that cannot be urged too strongly—a wagon should form no part of a light cavalry outfit. A scout corps which is tied up to some wagons is about as useless as a sprint runner with a cork leg. Pack trains of large broncho horses to each troop should be issued, and there should be enough of them so that they might be loaded lightly, and thus be able to pass over the country as rapidly as the exigencies of the case might require. In the winter oil-tanned cowskin moccasins should be issued. A system of tactics should be gotten up for the Indian soldiers, vast simplicity being the consideration, and preserving all the signs and movements peculiar to their old warrior days.

As to the efficiency of these people on light cavalry duties there can be no question. Lieutenant Carter Johnson told me that he thought he could take a command of Apaches and ride from Arizona to Washington without losing all of his command, and judging from some of that officer's exploits, I am inclined to think he could. As to their faithfulness, an officer recently sent a Crow scout with a message, and inadvertently said, "Go quick!" The Crow, thinking the thing was vital, rode a hundred miles and killed his horse (his own property) to deliver the message. A Crow scout also rode for three days after a stray horse, covering an enormous distance, which I have forgotten. Lieutenant Casey's scouts will fell trees and build houses. In short, experienced officers can do anything with these men, and the Indians like it. The dearest dream of any Indian is that some day he may be a government scout. And when he thinks of being a pure and simple farmer it chills his soul, and he welcomes the ghost dance, and would welcome anything else which would take him from the lazy starvation of the agency.

Let these people who claim to be friends of the Indian cease their chatter, and help this or some other practical scheme of regeneration. Let some statesman have the courage to curb this restless thirst for spoil in land which characterizes our frontier population, and teach them to value the solemn obligations of this government as they would a copper cent at least. Let our army have the fruits of its work; and let us preserve the native American race, which is following the buffalo into painted pictures and printed books.

Frederic Remington.

THE ORDER OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

Our readers who notice the picture which forms the Supplement of the present number will recognize that the artist has caught one of the most pathetic phases of the work of the Order of the King's Daughters. If not this picture, others like it in general character are too familiar to many members of the order. A special feature of their work during the recent summer has been the visitation of the tenement-houses of New York city, and as they take up the Weekly they will recognize the bare floor, the backless chair, the never-empty cradle, the empty bowl, and the few broken bits of earthenware. The children they have found were not often so happy as to be quiet in slumber —the one boon that seems better than life to the poor pasty, pallid little creatures who swarm our tenement homes. Above all, these visitors are only too familiar with the white, exhausted faces of toiling mothers, and the droop of utter weariness and exhaustion under burdens which so many women never lay down so long as the sewing-machine can be made to move by weary foot or hand.

While it would be delightful to linger over the poetic and artistic side of this picture, and over the general idea that it conveys of the beauty of that service which reaches down from the heights of comfort and contentment, and uplifts the victim of suffering and need into places of cheer, this is not the side that should have most attention in the present day of sharp extremities and close-pressing problems. The real homes of our needy have no tender gray lights across their shadows, no reminders of other days in the pictured faces on the walls, and fewer glimpses still of sympathetic faces and well-laden hands entering the open door. Such recent books as that of *Darkest England, and the Way Out*, and *How the Other Half Live*, by Jacob Riis, make another sort of picture of homes of the poor, on the threshold of which favored women may well stand with serious faces and the finger of silence on their lips. In just that attitude of eager yet solemn pause between the misery of the world's womanhood, represented by this bowed form crushed under its burdens, the misery of the world's childhood, represented by this helpless little one in the cradle, and their own world of plenty and comfort and health, there should stand a multitude of women to-day, who, whether they wear the badge of any order or not, might prove by genuine service that they were truly daughters of the King.

Perhaps no greater mistake could be made, certainly no mistake more hampering to their real work, than that of supposing that this order, large as it is in numbers, has already taken possession of this immense and needy field. It has, in fact, hardly made a beginning. Its tenement-house work is only one of the phases in which its spirit of helpfulness has been embodied. In the city of New York alone during the last summer its tenement-house committee, desiring to become true friends in the homes of the poor, entered into relation with the corps of physicians appointed to labor among the people during the summer months. As is well known, it is the duty of these physicians to go from house to house and room to room in our thronged tenements, caring for the cases of sickness that have no physician, looking after sanitary conditions, and taking note of the needs of the very poor. The story of what these physicians found is too heart-rending to be placed in a paragraph before the readers of this journal. Suffice it to say they made, during the last summer, 120,000 visits, finding over 16,000 sick too poor to employ a physician, giving medical care where needed. Wherever they went they took in their pockets postal-cards addressed to the head-quarters of the Tenement-house Committee of the order, at No. 1 Henry Street, New York. In every place where nourishing broths, jellies, or ices for the parched lips of fever were needed, or in homes where the destitution was so great that hunger was the cause of sickness, these needs were written upon the postal-cards as the physician left the house, and the card deposited at the nearest box on the street corner. The first mail left it at the head-quarters, where a faithful company of volunteers, all through the heats of the summer, were ready to send forth such supplies and comforts as were required. Nor these alone; in many cases the need was for nursing, clean bedlinen, and clothing, and nurses were kept constantly employed in passing from one sick-room to another. When one became overworked and exhausted, another was supplied. Through this ministry also over 35,000 bunches of flowers, fresh and bright as they came from the country, found their way to tenement-house rooms and the bedsides of sick children, some of whom had never seen a flower. They were laid on the pillows of the dying, and placed in the trembling hands of the aged, or, smiling from a broken cup in the window, made the only spot of brightness in the often dingy room.

How much this ministration alone must have meant to sickened souls and bodies no one can know. It meant a great deal of kindness on the part of the express companies, who brought the flowers from the country free of charge. It meant a great deal of loving labor in country towns to the hundreds of girls and women who watched their budding blossoms never so eagerly before, because these beautiful messengers "had a mission and a work to do." It meant the discovery of many little children not reached by Fresh Air Funds or by mission schools, who were gathered together and sent for an outing into the country. It meant the feeding of the hungry and the clothing of the naked, not that again and again they might be fed and clothed, but only that strength might be given for the employment which these women in every case sought to find for those who needed. The committee became really an employment bureau. Through it funds were furnished for the starting in trade of poor persons who had sat down discouraged by misfortune, and only needed a helping hand to lift them up and start them on their way.

It was not enough that the giving hand should be constantly open toward the poor; the asking hand had constantly to be kept open toward the rich. There must be money for excursions, for food, and for ice, and for helpers when the labor grew too severe. There must be cradles for the sick children, and one appeal for a baby-wagon for a sick child brought five baby-wagons trundling along in a row. Judicious heads and hearts and hands watched the outgo of all the money, and at the close of the season a great many humble homes in New York city had the one thing which the poor most need—a friend. Interest in the families aided was not allowed to die out, and the effort was never made with the purpose to bestow temporary relief alone, but always on the true charity organization principle of finding a way to help the people help themselves. It was only a beginning, but it opened out to the daughters of the King the possibilities of more extended and even more practical and permanent help. Their hope is to secure a building, which can be done at a cost of $7000, where may be established a day nursery for the infants whose mothers must go from house to house to work, and a kindergarten for older children, work-rooms on the co-operative plan for women, and an employment bureau—one of the great needs of the poor—for the large class who would work if they could find it to do, and a head-quarters for the operation of this widely extending branch of their work. And this, important as it is, and worthy to concentrate the attention of many members of the order, is, of course, only one branch of the labor.

The great mass-meeting recently held in Brooklyn, where were represented 260 circles, many of which pledged themselves to give their energies in part to the erection of the home for aged colored people, is another practical phase which their efforts are taking. Hospital beds are being supplied, day nurseries established, life-saving stations, missions, struggling churches, and educational institutions are being helped, and there is practically no limit to the variety and extent of the work of which our space will not allow us to give even the faintest outline.

The order numbers at a low estimate 150,000 people, and has State and County secretaries in 25 States, 6 provinces, and half a dozen foreign countries. It is at present a great force, but in process of education. Women needed to learn what they could do and what they could not do, which they never would learn until they tried to do something. Hence the first obligation upon every member of this order is that she shall begin to work with the nearest thing that she can find to do. Hundreds are still in the infancy of their beginning, wondering what they can do, struggling to find out, following any guidance. Thousands more have already settled into solid and steady and helpful forces, pledged to be a practical aid in whatever work most needs the power which they as a circle or as individuals can apply. Many of them did not come closely enough in contact with humanity to understand its real needs, and for love of man they could hardly be supposed to work; hence the highest motive that ever appeals to the heart of women was placed before them—to work for humanity for the love of humanity's Great Lover. Wisely guided, carefully trained by those from among themselves who are able to grasp the possibilities of good in such a sisterhood, the next generation will find this a mightily helpful force in all its schemes for pulling the world out of its slough of despond; but the order must not be expected to spring to its full development in a moment. Its processes are educational. When women know themselves and know the world, they will be able to apply their knowledge of themselves to the needs of the world—not before.

GENERAL A. H. TERRY.

On the 16th of December Major-General Alfred Howe Terry died at his home in New Haven. Although not a graduate of West Point, he had been trained in the great military academy of the civil war, and from his four years' course in that stern school had passed with high honors to the regular army, where he continued to distinguish himself. "One of the most gentle, kind, and brave characters that ever served his country," says the Secretary of War, in announcing his death; "an ideal soldier and gentleman, whose honest, truthful, and upright life gained him the highest esteem of all who knew him."

General Terry was born in Hartford, November 10, 1827, and educated in the schools of New Haven, to which city his parents had removed. After instruction in the Yale Law School he was admitted to the bar in 1849, and from 1854 to 1858 was Clerk of the Superior and Supreme Courts. In 1854 he had joined the Second Regiment of Connecticut militia, and was made its Colonel. His regiment marched in 1861, responding to President Lincoln's call for troops, and was present at the battle of Bull Run. At the end of its three months' service Colonel Terry received the command of the Seventh Connecticut, and took part in the expedition against Port Royal and the reduction of Fort Pulaski. As a Brigadier-General of Volunteers he participated in the operations against Charleston, including the battle at Pocotaligo, made a demonstration up Stono Inlet, and commanded on Morris Island during the siege of Fort Wagner and Fort Sumter. As commander of the First Division of the Tenth Corps, in General Butler's Army of the James, he was engaged in the Virginia campaign of 1864, including the actions and battles at Chester Station, Drury's Bluff, Bermuda Hundreds, Fussell's Mills, Deep Bottom, Newmarket Heights, Darbytown Road, Williamsburg Road, and the siege of Petersburg. Meanwhile he received the brevet of Major-General of Volunteers.

The varied experience which General Terry had acquired during nearly three years of service had now fitted him for the supreme task of his career. A combined attack by General Butler and Admiral Porter upon Fort Fisher, at the mouth of Cape Fear River, had failed, and General Terry had been ordered by General Grant to renew it. He landed about five miles north of the fort, January 13, 1865, and under cover of a hot fire from Porter's fleet, advanced against the fort. The tremendous bombardment from forty-four vessels was renewed, and then, on the 15th, Terry carried the works by assault, capturing over 2000 prisoners and 169 cannon, and losing fewer than 650 killed and wounded. Congress thanked Terry and his command "for the unsurpassed gallantry and skill exhibited by them in the attack, and the brilliant and decisive victory by which that important work has been captured." Terry was afterward made a Brigadier-General in the regular army, in further reward for this victory, with a brevet as Major-General for gallant and meritorious services in the capture of Wilmington, which followed the reduction of Fort Fisher. He received the command of the Tenth Corps, under General Sherman; and after the war he was in command successively of the Departments of Virginia, Dakota, the South, and Dakota again. His promotion to be Major-General came in 1866, and two years later he was retired for disability, due to the malady from which he died.

Of fine soldierly presence, very agreeable manners, sound judgment, and thorough going integrity, General Terry was one of the most widely respected officers connected with our army. Fortunate in endowment of character, he was fortunate also in opportunity. His early fondness for military study and his seven years' training as a militia Colonel were succeeded by a long experience in subordinate commands in actual warfare, and when the great hour of his military life came, the failure of a previous attempt set forth in brighter contrast his own success. Terry's fame as the hero of Fort Fisher is as secure in his country's annals as that of Wayne, the hero of Stony Point; and no laurels will ever be grudged to so gallant a soldier and so kindly and true-hearted a man.

A CHRISTMAS MATINÉE.

How might such an engaging topic as a matinée—invariably pronounced in Americanee, "mertiney"—be treated? Actors, actresses, *mise en scène*, can be left to the critics. The true play, the witnessing of that naturalness which no performers can interpret, is to be found not on the stage, but in the juvenile portion of the audience. There may be unsophisticated mothers of families, who, carried away for the moment by dramatic influence, may laugh or cry, but they rarely show that supreme ecstasy which finds its climax in the boy or girl of from eight to fourteen. How Charles Lamb hits it off exactly when he tells his own experience, that glittering appearance of the stage under the first blaze of the foot-lights as the curtain rose! It was to him as "glorified candy."

Talk no longer of your regulation theatre parties—the box engaged weeks before, the hiring, the payment carried out by means of correspondence, as would be any purely mercantile transaction. Contrast that prosaic positivism with the undefined uncertainties of a family of seven, who are to take chance seats at this matinée. What should it rain, or Tommy's cold get worse? And then the money? Up to the very morning there was fifty cents wanting to complete the sum total for the admittance of seven; and—horrid possibility!—suppose that one child, Billy, long and lank beyond his years, should be charged full price by some Herod of a ticket-seller! But the afternoon was clear and frosty. Tommy suppressed his sniffles and sneezes. The good mother's saving-bank had been forced, its last penny extracted, and then an aunt in the most whole-souled manner had contributed seventy-five cents; and so the children went in fine style, with the possibilities of a pound of mixed candy and a supplement of pea-nuts.

When the mother had been to the theatre some years before, they had counted six in all, and now there were seven. How wedge in that seventh? Her ample lap would hold one small girl, but by a little squeezing and judicious packing—sardine-like, as you may see—Mr. Rogers has arranged them, copying the actual facts, and so the entire party is seated. Bless you! no twist of limb or back-ache have they under such constrained positions. The hours pass, and they are not tired, not even fidgety. Imagination holds its sway, and acts as an anæsthetic to all senses save those inside of the brains of these little men and women. It is a placid mother. Her comely pound-of-butter face finds physical impossibilities in attempts to pucker it into a smile. From time to time, however, that hat she wears—a very little one for one so massive—takes a cant, with side movements in sympathy with her feelings. It is her only method of emotional expression.

We waste tissue when we heave sighs or burst into guffaws, and nature demands sustenance, so that we may cry or laugh again, and so comes honest hunger to the little ones. That mother has provided her pelicans with food. The right thing, the *pièce de résistance*, are sugar-dusted, soggy doughnuts, re-enforced by substantial sandwiches. Pretzels are not disdained, and you may hear between the acts the crackling of them as they are splintered. One peculiarity of the luncheon is the receptacle of the food. It generally is a lady's shoe box—of course a brand-new one—and that gives the sandwich or the banana a wholesome twang of Russia leather, prunello, and morocco.

The prettiest scene of all is the one Mr. Rogers calls "A Box." It might not have been exactly the mother, but the elder sister of the little girl who is in the rear. Maybe that young woman is on terms of intimacy with Miss de Prancy, the lovelorn heroine now on the stage, and the idol of the theatre-goers. That there was any preconcerted arrangements about the bunch of flowers cannot be honestly asserted. There was a sweet innocence, a coy shyness about the little girl, which precluded any such idea. She wanted to throw the bouquet, and then was afraid to do it. It might not have been as much fear of not landing her posy on the stage, as dread least anybody might see her do it. Poor little maid! and just because she wanted no witnesses, the attention of the entire house was divided between the bouquet and Miss de Prancy. The lovelorn heroine at that precise moment was being most inhumanly badgered by a brevet Brigadier-General, and she was spurning his horrid advances, and defying him with eyes wide open, and yet—and yet Miss de Prancy could not help but take a side squint every now and then in the direction of the expected bouquet. At last, summoning up her courage to the throwing-point, away flew the bouquet from the little hand, and it lit just where it should, at the feet of the lovelorn one, who wore white satin slippers, as is the approved *chaussure* of heroines who wander over battle-fields. Miss de Prancy's expression of intense surprise, a heart brimful of gratitude, was past perfect, and then the pretty kiss she threw from her finger-tips to the little maid was high art indeed. Then the little girl subsided, eclipsed herself in fact, hid behind the pretty young woman in the box, and that incident was neatly concluded.

The youngest theatre-goer at that matinée was a perfect cherub. Evidently a well-nurtured child, for Mr. Rogers shows all actual appliances necessary to bring it comfort. It was the best-behaved child in the world. It was not going to yawp when that full private, Arthur Alonzo, said, "And—do—you—love—me?" And Agnes Eulalia (Miss de Prancy) lisped in a faint whisper, "Love you, Arthur? Ah! ah!! ah!!!" That baby took a lively interest in the play. It kept on a kind of cooing accompaniment of applause. The audience was as mute as a fish, so that it might listen to the bubblings of those small rose-leaf lips. It was an audience anxious, as it were, because some knowing ones—the deadheads—who had seen that fine military drama, entitled *Bayonets and Sabres*, many times, knew that a real yacht carronade, seven fowling-pieces, and a pepper-box revolver, were to be simultaneously discharged at the close of the act, accompanied by the yells of many supernumeraries in various languages. They felt sorry for baby, for they were quite certain it must scream. The climax came. Arthur was being led by the rebels to the sacrifice, his hands tied behind him, and Miss de Prancy, with her extra hair on, was letting it all stream copiously down her back. The danger signal was heard. The violins *en sourdine* were wailing, the French-horns were stoppered, and there were sinister ruffles of the kettle-drum. It was as plain as the nose on your face what the gloom on the stage from the diminished gas jets meant. The nice-looking mamma, the chuckling baby, were certainly ignorant of any theatric cataclysm. Then came a series of terrific explosions, a splitting yell, as the rescuing party—four real horses among it—tore on the stage; and the welkin rang again, but that blessed baby kept on cooing just as contentedly as ever. The little hero never so much as blinked. As to the mother, she was startled, and true to her instinct, caught at her little one and hugged it close, for, as she was heard to say, it was "so suddent." But the baby kept on laughing, and all the harm done was to crush some little the chrysanthemum Mr. Rogers has placed in the mother's corsage.

Alas! there is not always harmony in the palace of delight. Sometimes there is war among the gods.

"See here, who are yer shovin', anyways?"

"I ain't a shovin'. Mebbe because yer daddy's a glass-blower yer think a feller can see through yer."

"Guess my fifteen cents was good as yourn, wasn't it?"

"None of yer guff, or I'll fetch you a smack over yer lip."

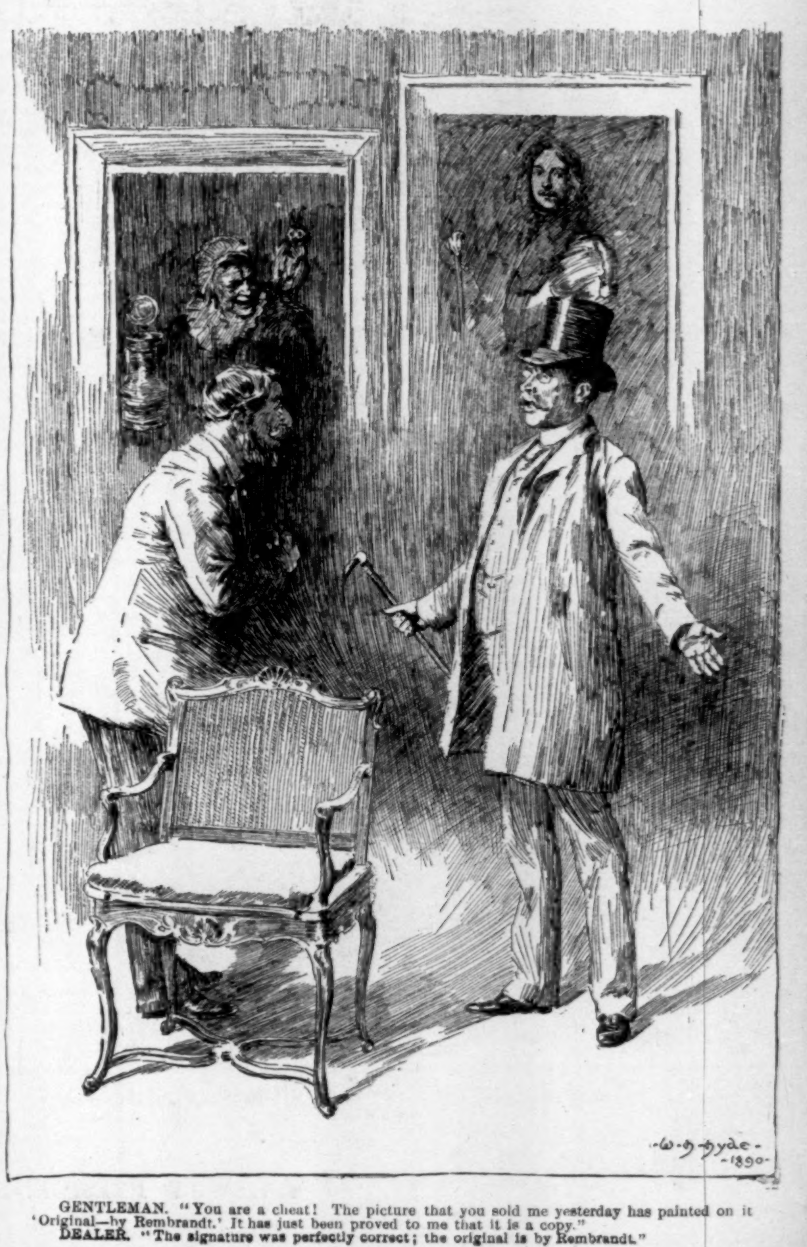
"You're a Dago!"

"You're a Chinee!"

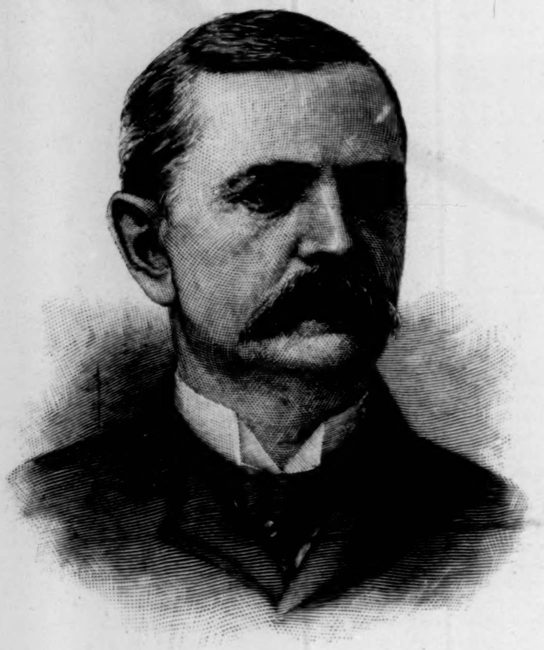
Was this not sufficient? Then at it went the two boys, nip and tuck, and instantly appeared the bouncer. With great promptitude, without much nicety of touch, he extirpated one boy (the one who was least at fault, of course), and there was peace. One very good little boy, who "had really done nuthin'," as he so expressed himself to the bouncer, was told that "he hadn't better do that agin," whereupon he collapsed under the benches. The conspicuous cuff buttons the bouncer always wears show how careful is Mr. Rogers's study of this important personage.

The little boy on the left-hand side on top of the illustrated page is the sentimental chap. "Sammy's feelinks was allers too much for him," his mother was wont to remark. You will note that Sammy's fingers intertwine, lap over, and are spatulous. Quarts of tears will that boy shed. He takes every stage grief as his own. He will carry to school next week many romantic impressions. In his arithmetic there will be blurred figures which will not add nor multiply, and in his geography, somewhere between the equator and the poles, will flit the hero and heroine of that drama.

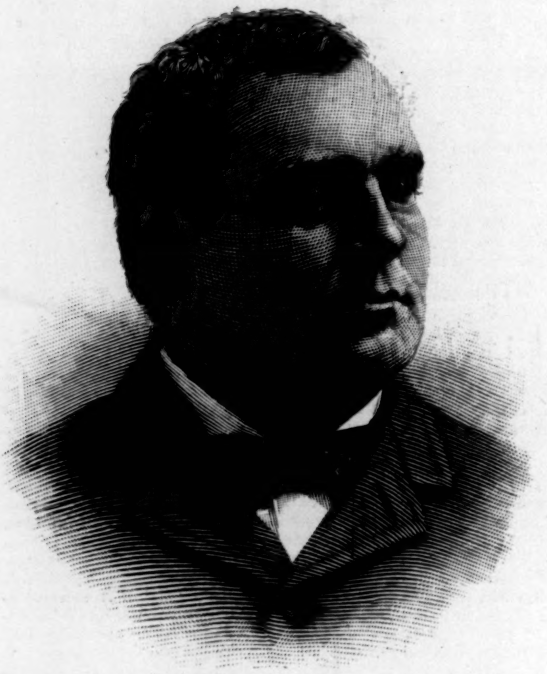
For a good skeery boy, the one to the right is the perfect type. He wants to curdle, to have his marrow freeze, and each individual hair to stand on end. His fingers are wreathed in agony; as the chances are that he is a nail biter, he will not claw seriously his own hands. He shows true devotion to the drama. None of your laughing pieces for him. When the midnight assassins are lurking behind the trees, and say, "Hist!" he hears his own death knell. He is the innocent victim betrayed; and when the knife gleams and is buried to the handle with a "Ha!" with a sympathetic shiver he feels the blade in the small of his own back. B. P.



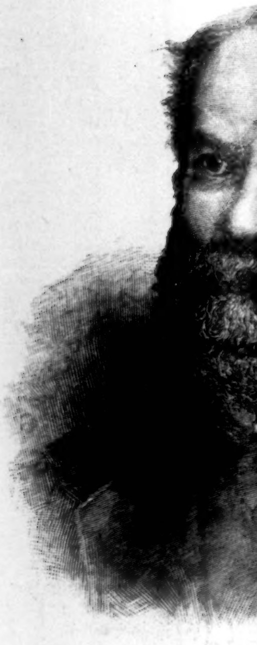
GENTLEMAN. "You are a cheat! The picture that you sold me yesterday has painted on it 'Original—by Rembrandt.' It has just been proved to me that it is a copy."
DEALER. "The signature was perfectly correct; the original is by Rembrandt."



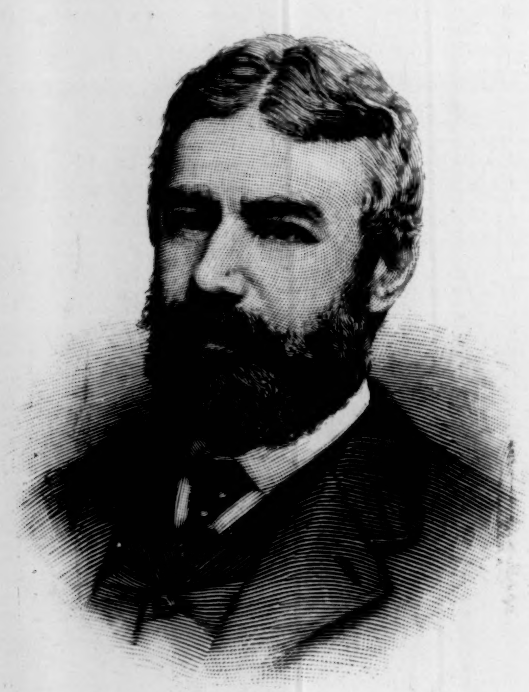
ROSWELL MILLER, PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, AND ST. PAUL RAILROAD.—From a Photograph by Pach Brothers.



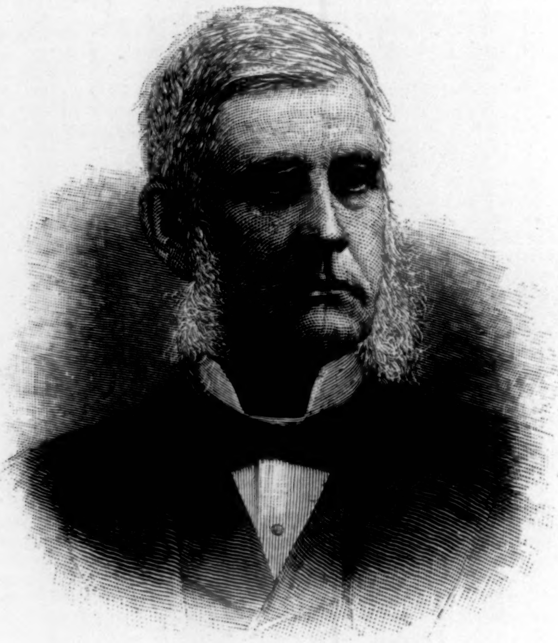
JOHN M. EGAN, PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO, ST. PAUL, AND KANSAS CITY RAILROAD.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.



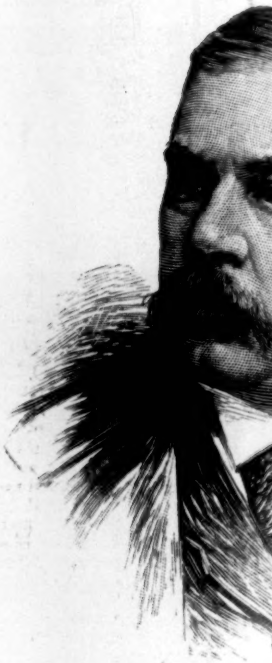
JAY GOULD, PRESIDENT
RA



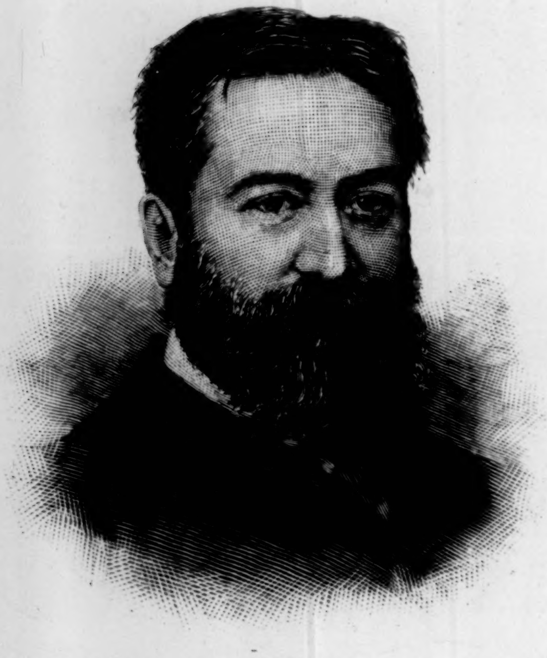
GEORGE COPPELL, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE RAILROAD.



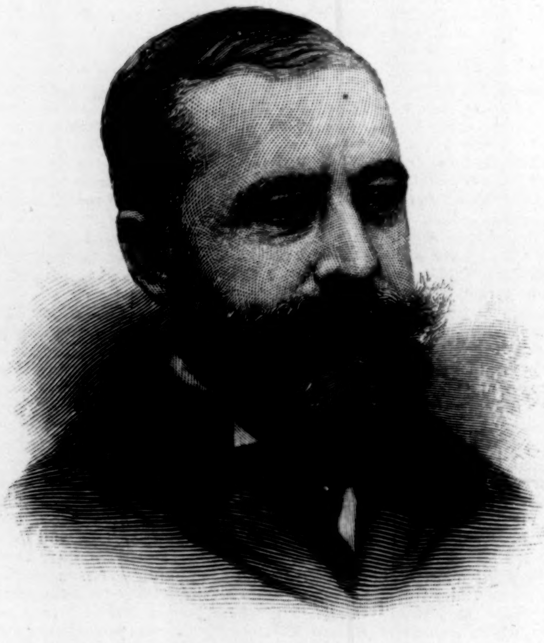
SIDNEY DILLON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.



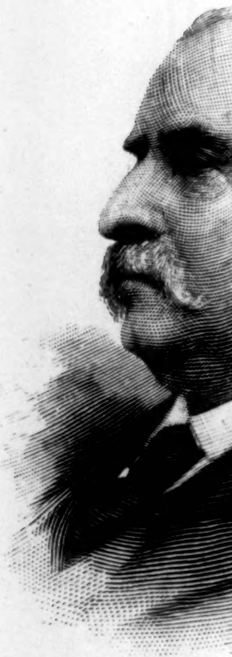
J. PIERPONT MORGAN, OF
From a Photograph by C



THOMAS F. OAKES, PRESIDENT OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

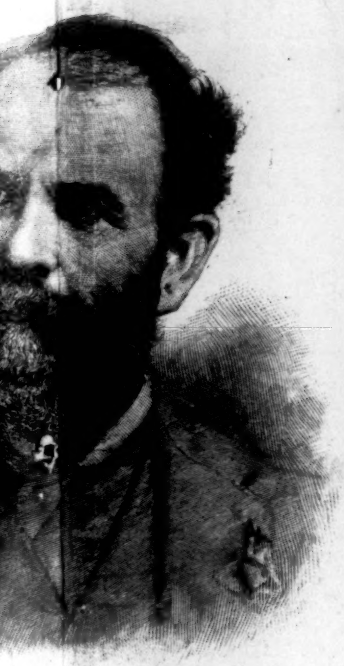


GEORGE C. MAGOUN, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA, AND SANTA FE RAILROAD.

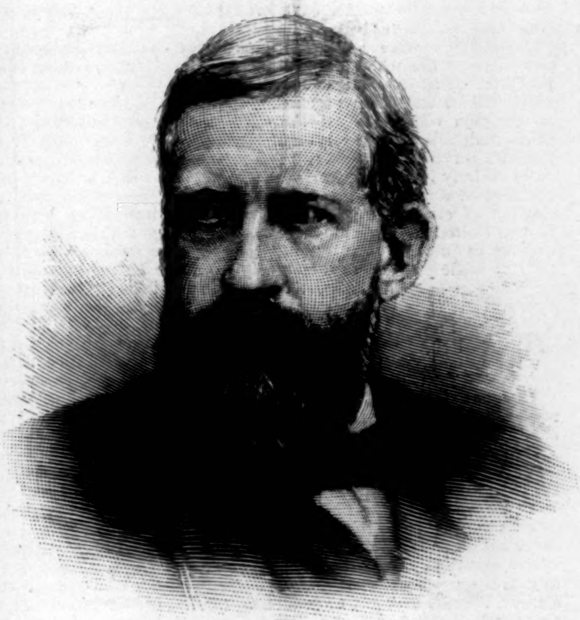


HENRY VILLARD, CHAIRMAN
THE NORTHER

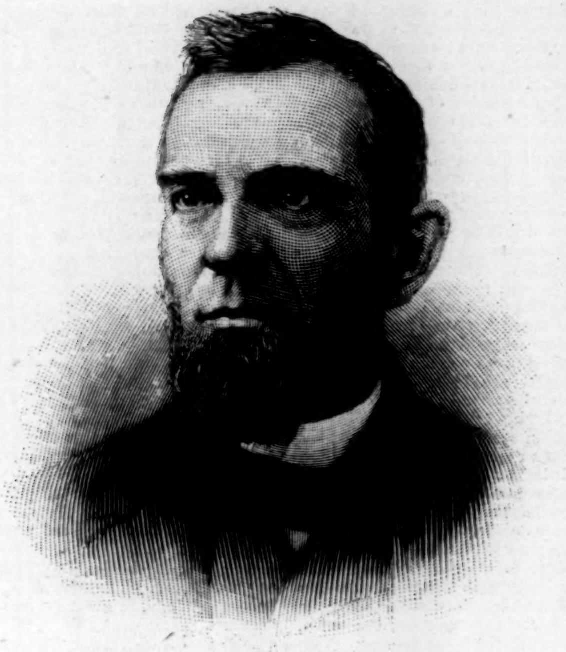
RAILWAY PRESIDENTS AND OTHER PARTICIPANTS IN THE CONFERENCE AT THE HOU



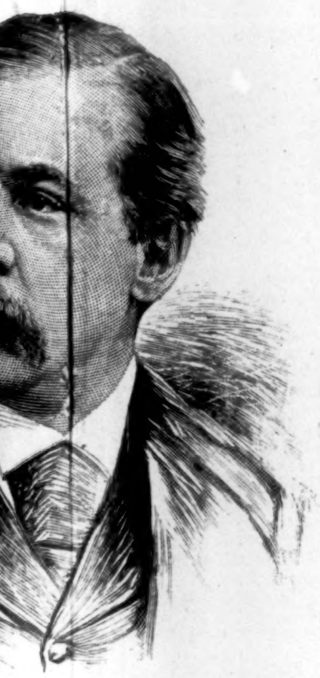
DENT OF THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD.



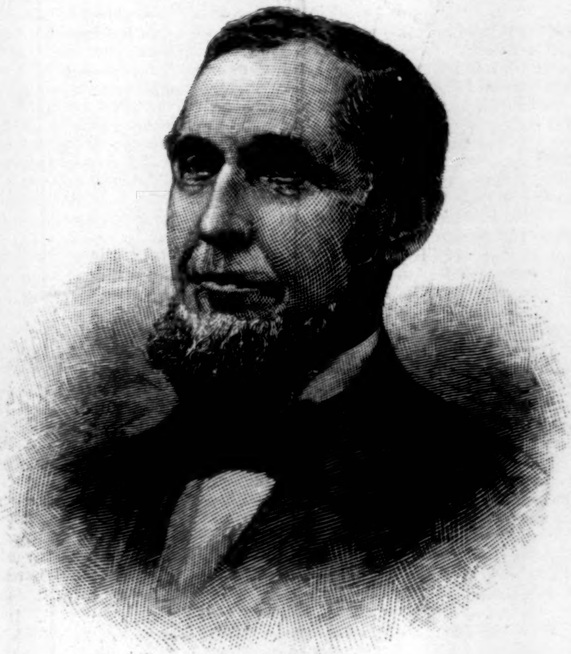
A. B. STICKNEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE CHICAGO, ST. PAUL, AND KANSAS CITY RAILROAD.



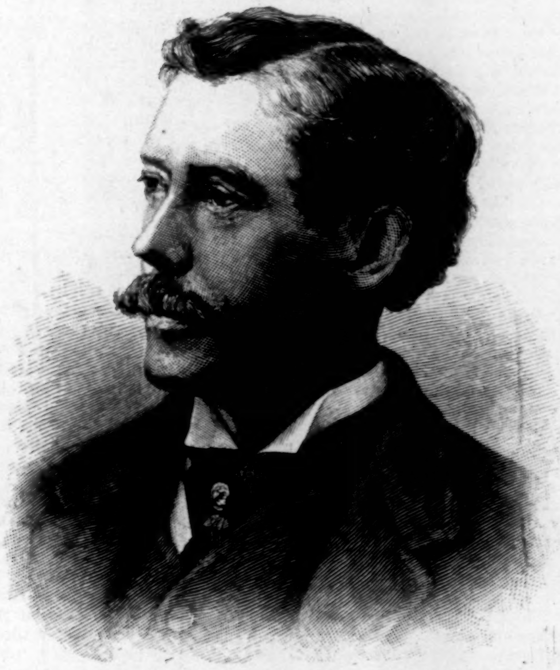
ALLEN MANVEL, PRESIDENT OF THE ATCHISON, TOPEKA, AND SANTA FE RAILROAD.



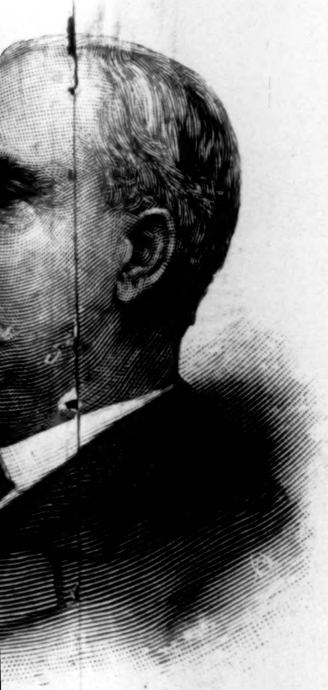
N, OF DREXEL, MORGAN, & CO.
H BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.



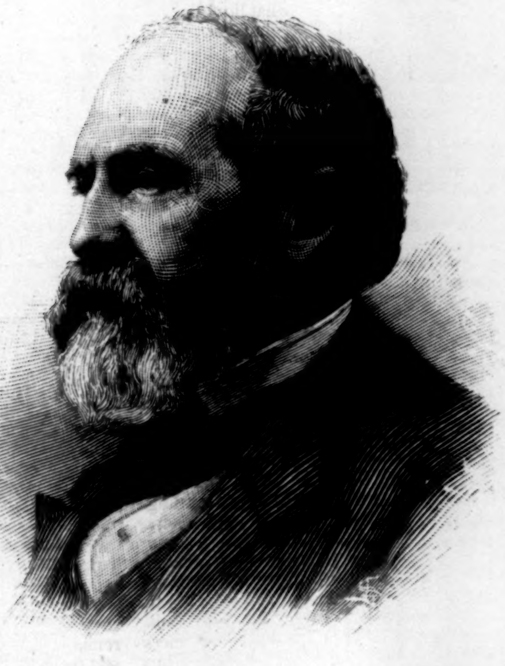
RUSSELL SAGE, PRESIDENT OF THE IOWA CENTRAL RAILROAD.



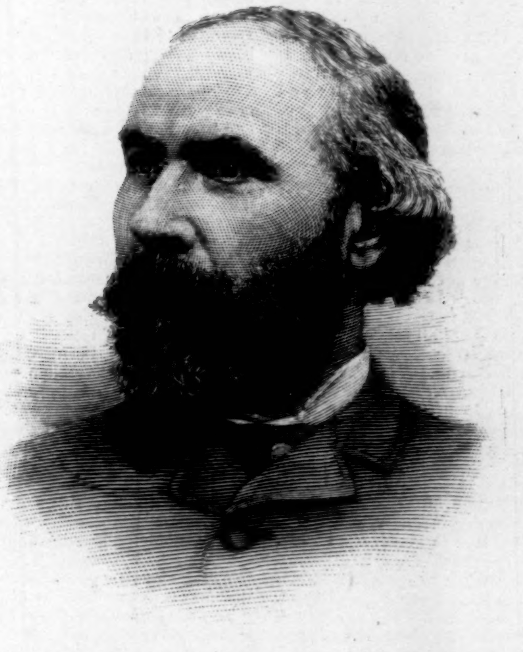
WILLIAM J. PALMER, PRESIDENT OF THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILROAD.



MAN OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.



C. P. HUNTINGTON, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.



JAMES J. HILL, PRESIDENT OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILROAD.

IOUSE OF MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN IN NEW YORK CITY ON DECEMBER 15.—[SEE PAGE 1010.]

THE RAILWAY PRESIDENTS' MEETING.

THE latest of an irregular series of concerted efforts, reaching over a number of years, to rescue the railroad business of the country from the effects of a generally injurious competition was begun in this city on December 15th. The presidents and, in a few cases, other high officers of sixteen of the most important railways west of Chicago and St. Louis met on that date by invitation of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the banker, at his private residence, to endeavor to arrange a plan whereby departures from fixed rates to secure traffic by the agents of the respective companies would be prevented, and the economical management of the properties otherwise furthered. The one notably prominent road that was unrepresented was the Chicago and Alton. This is not the first time by any means that the initiative in attempts to better railroad matters has come from banking sources. The railroad and banking interests are closely interwoven. The futile "Gentlemen's Agreement" of two years ago was brought about thus.

The conclusion reached in the present instance was that an advisory board should be formed, consisting of the president and one director from each company, and that this body should have the power to establish by a four-fifths vote uniform rates between competitive points, and decide all questions of common interest between members of the association, including the outside agencies for securing business. It provides that any agent giving rates below those of the established schedules shall be discharged. The agreement is to remain in force for at least six months from January 1, 1891, and no party to it shall withdraw without giving ninety days' notice. Separate ratification by the constituted authorities of the corporations interested is necessary in each case to establish membership and to send representatives to the board. Mr. Roswell Miller, of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul road, was chosen chairman of the new organization, with authority to call it together when the several companies have taken action. It is expected that there will be no delay in this respect. No penalties are imposed for the corporations that may break faith. The arrangement is essentially another "Gentlemen's Agreement," having the advantage over its predecessor of additional experience.

There was but one dissenting voice at the meeting of the 15th inst., which was that of Mr. A. B. Stickney, chairman of the Board of Directors (recently President) of the Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City road. He had no confidence that the conditions of the agreement would be faithfully observed, and pulled back the curtain from the main and long-continued difficulty of the situation by the blunt statement, according to report, that as much as he respected the several persons present individually, he would not trust them as railroad presidents out of sight with his watch. This, like the colored preacher's remarks on hen-roosts, threw a momentary "col'ness" over the meeting, but it was based upon a very extended experience and personal participation in previous associations of the kind. A railroad manager, apparently, must be something more than human if he can, without the certainty of a severe penalty before him, adhere strictly to a fixed schedule of charges when he sees traffic upon which the prosperity or even life of his corporation depends diverted to other channels, which, for various reasons, may be preferred at equal charges to that under his care. He cannot resist the temptation to "cut rates." And herein lies the cause of railroad wars innumerable. Under such circumstances the weaker corporation concludes that if die it must, it might as well die for a sheep as a lamb, and enters upon the strife in a spirit of desperation. The stronger company might wear its opponent out and ruin it, but the process in most cases involves such losses on its own part that a compromise sooner or later seems preferable.

Previous to the enactment of the Inter-State Commerce law the remedy that was widely applied to this order of things was the pooling system providing for a stipulated division of earnings. The radical objection to it was that it enabled the combination to make rates that were not satisfactory to the public, and were asserted to be extortionate, based as they appeared to be on the principle of sustaining over-capitalized, badly managed, or unfortunately located roads, which were inherently bankrupt. The Inter-State Commerce law, within its jurisdiction, rendered both irregularity in rates and the pooling which (whatever its objectionable features in other respects) corrected them, illegal. But while it was effectual in stopping the pooling, its provisions against rate-cutting that involved deviation from published schedules have been very imperfectly carried out. It is now proposed that Congress shall legalize pools, the Inter-State Commerce Commission retaining the power to compel reasonable charges. Thus, it is averred, the difficulties that have repeatedly led to the creation of ineffective reform organizations of railroad men would be, in the main, met. It is to be remembered that the Inter-State Commerce law was regarded by its promoters as a tentative measure, and subject to emendations as dictated by experience.

The railway system of the country had grown into vast proportions without any definite plan before the general government, except in the case of the Pacific roads, saw fit in any way to lay a controlling hand upon it. The charters were granted by the State authorities, and the trunk-lines in most cases came under more than one set of laws. Roads were often built where they were not justified, sometimes through bad judgment, and sometimes merely for the profit of overpaid work of construction. The art of making something out of nothing was assiduously cultivated by manipulators of securities, and watered stock multiplied indefinitely. American civilization was and is yet in the process of learning how to deal properly with the steam transportation question. Discriminations with respect to persons and places abounded. Some men thus secured unfair advantages over others, and railway officers themselves were not slow to make investments in enterprises which they could favor by virtue of their control of the roads. Reform attempted within a State must stop at the boundary line. The situation was chaotic and anarchic, and the public looked to Congress for relief, which, under the Constitution, it alone could render. The result was the act of February 4, 1887, the provisions of which, whatever their wisdom, have been largely evaded. The commission then created practically confines itself to the exercise of judicial powers. Valuable precedents have been established by its decisions, but so far it has inflicted no personal penalties on offenders, though nearly two years ago the law was amended by adding imprisonment to fine as punishment. The nearest approach that has been made to severity in the premises occurred a few weeks since, when a railway official and a shipper in Chicago were sent to jail for contempt of court in refusing to testify as to an arrangement for illegal reduction of charges. Railroad men, however much they may contend among themselves, have so far entirely refrained from haling each other before the courts for infractions of the law, which at the same time are violations of their own solemnly made compacts. The Inter-State Commerce Commission, in its annual report recently issued, asks for fuller powers, in order that it may inaugurate and conduct investigations and call for records and papers when it believes that published rates have not been maintained. It also alludes to the complicated character of the situation owing to our dual system of government. "Some glaring violations of the law," it says, "now take place under the supposed shelter of State authority." With regard to the much-mooted restoration of pooling under the limitations spoken of above it is silent.

The declination of President T. B. Blackstone, of the Chicago and Alton road, to take part in the Morgan meeting, it is stated, does not arise from opposition to a uniform system of rates, nor does it betoken an indisposition on his part to act on any fair schedule that may be adopted. It does, however, imply an absence of faith in the successful issue of the arrangement, and possesses a more than ordinary interest from the fact that he has pronounced himself in favor of the purchase and operation of the railroads by the government. In his last annual report he reviews the situation, laying special stress upon the harm done to establish lines by the indiscriminate granting of charters and building of roads. Statistics show that within the last five years 35,000 miles of railway have been constructed, an increase of twenty-eight per cent. Mr. Blackstone suggests that (1) "the national government shall acquire the ownership of all the railroads in the United States which are now used for inter-State traffic, such railroads to be acquired by the exercise of its right of eminent domain, or by purchase under such limitations and rules as to price as Congress may determine. (2). Payment to be made by issue of government bonds bearing a rate of interest not to exceed three per cent., with provision for a sinking fund. (3). Rates in each State to be regulated with reference to interest on the bonds and requirement of the sinking fund." Then follow suggestions for a non-political board of railroad directors, etc. By way of explanation to an inquirer, Mr. Blackstone is reported to have said that if things went on as they were then going, another decade would see every railroad in hopeless bankruptcy. This gloomy view does not meet with ready approval in many quarters, perhaps, but coming from the chief officer of one of the best paying roads in the country, it ought to be of interest to those who are groping for the ultimate solution of the American railway problem, and also to those who lament the disappearance of the present government bonds, and are looking ahead for a safe line of securities for trust funds and for the continuation of the national banking system. The opinion of Mr. C. P. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific, is also worthy of note in the premises. He favors a consolidation of all the Western roads under one management. That propositions of such a radical nature should come from the important sources they do indicates the very serious character of the situation.

But the immediate pressure is for the restoration of rates and the preservation of good faith on the part of the managers, and the intention is to make another effort to secure these under the present order of ownership. The depressed prices of railway shares, in spite of the fact that a greater amount of transportation has been done of late than ever before (there having been an increase last year of 55 per cent. over the amount of five years ago), have incited those interested in the vast aggregate of property in question to endeavor to rescue it from the conditions into which circumstances have brought it. The facts were never better understood, and perhaps there were never more powerful shoulders at the wheel than at the present juncture. The outcome of the new movement will be anxiously watched. There is no question whatever as to the solid value of the railroads themselves, or of the indispensable service they render. The problem in its entirety is the adjustment of the management of a great and comparatively new element of civilization to its environment. In the United States it appears that half a century has not been a sufficiently long time for it to settle properly into its place.

AMOS W. WRIGHT.

SOME PHASES OF WESTERN RAILWAY MANAGEMENT.

To successfully manage an important railroad requires the talents of a great soldier combined with those of an able financier.

But war and finance have been carefully studied for centuries, while the railroad is but of yesterday. Students of war or of finance have the wisdom of many generations of man to draw upon for information; yet a combination of talents for each of these arts is rare, and the application of their principles to railroad problems is in the experimental stage. There is no book, no school, no tradition to which the student of railroad management can turn for the knowledge he seeks. The only way to learn is by his mistakes as a manager and by those of his rivals.

In considering what has been done by the managers of to-day we are apt to lose sight of the fact that the most important commercial factor in a country notable for achievements in commerce is little more than half a century old (for purposes of instruction but half that age), and this reflection should temper criticism. The first generation of the men who built up railroad systems as we know them has but just passed away.

As in an army, the successful campaigns are largely due to those of the rank and file who do not figure in the gazettes, so the railroad success in management depends to a great degree on the integrity and loyalty of the privates in the service.

Those who meet railroad men of the higher class will readily attest the fact that they are among the brightest of our business men. The subordinates are rarely met with except in the course of their duties, and more rarely are they studied. But it is the despatcher, who so often holds your life in his hand, and the conductor, who quietly collects your fare, who will one day issue the orders from the general offices. It will then be upon their judgment as managers that the means to pay your dividends will depend. A single error may cost millions.

The Western systems—particularly those known to the Stock Exchange as the Granger lines—are the roads to which attention is here directed. They are naturally the newest of our railroads, and they constitute the most important group for investors. Like Western towns, they are of mushroom growth, and in them the faults of such a development are the more glaring because of the magnitude of the interests now involved in their securities.

It has too long been the custom of the holders of railway stocks to take no further part in the selection of the men who are to manage their properties than to send their proxies once a year to the first applicant for them. This is usually the administration in power, which in this way retains its sway year after year. Of late the steady shrinkage in the value of many stocks accounted gilt-edged in the group under consideration, the reduction or passing of their dividends at one time, and the palpable methods of paying them out of the capital at another, have rudely awakened indifferent investors, and forced them to look to the status of their securities. What this decline means, how much further it is to go, and what liquidation it foreshadows, are problems which may well engage their attention.

Nearly all of our great commercial enterprises have been shaped since the war. New methods of business have obtained within the past two decades, and instead of the reckless and speculative men and ideas of twenty years ago, we find commercial interests generally in the hands of patient, shrewd, and able men. The exceptions are to be found among those industries which, long fostered by paternal methods of government, continue to engage much of the solicitude of our statesmen in their efforts to exempt them from the operation of the great natural law.

This general change in commercial methods from the reckless to the prudent has not been accomplished without a liquidation appalling in volume, as the failures of the past twenty years show. It is to be feared that many of our Western railroads have not yet entered this haven of rest. Possessing greater earning power than mercantile institutions, they have held out longer, notwithstanding errors of management. But even with them the question of liquidation appears to be only one of time, unless averted by prudence and skill; and fearing the arrival of a day of reckoning, the far-sighted are endeavoring to escape disaster. Other able minority stockholders are striving to make their voices heard in the councils of their roads. Thus far they have been foiled in their efforts, owing to the apathy of many of their fellow-shareholders.

That these active opponents of the ruling powers have grave cause for complaint in many cases is apparent to any observer of the progress of the Granger lines for the past ten years. The results may be seen in the yearly financial statements, which, intricate as they usually are, appear to have been studied to some purpose by operators on the Stock Exchange.

But let us glance at some of the details which have produced these results—at factors either neglected by the investor or beyond his observation. No man who draws a salary on a railway system is too insignificant to contribute to the loss or gain shown in the résumé of the year's work. It represents the combined efforts of the army of employés. If these men have discharged their trusts faithfully the foundation for financial success is good.

Passing the force which handles the freight traffic and the local station business—their duties being chiefly clerical—we come to the passenger brigade. There is a popular impression that the receipts from the passenger service form a large percentage of the earnings of a road. It is not so, save under exceptional conditions. The fact is that such receipts are much smaller than the freight earnings, and one very good reason for this is that while a company receives practically the whole of the latter, it receives a very uncertain percentage of the former. The peculations of the railway conductor have been a fruitful theme for the paragrapher for many years. Some of the conductors have been so successful that they can laugh their critics' sarcasms to scorn.

It is a singular fact that while some of the Western roads lose very little in this way, on others the number of cash fares stolen from the company is simply incredible. Owing to a variety of causes, cash fare receipts are heaviest on the new divisions of a road. There, naturally, the losses are the greatest. The ticket station equipment is imperfect, and the people who travel on the frontier are the most indifferent of all passengers about buying tickets. On one of the best paying railway properties in the West, the stock of which is still above par, and which has paid dividends without a break since the panic of 1873, nine-tenths of the conductors retain a large portion of the cash fares. Such a thing can be possible only where the practice is general. Were it otherwise, the comparison of the trip receipts of an honest conductor with those of one who had his own ideas about dividing with the company would soon result in the exposure of the latter. It has happened that some conductors, not satisfied with what cash fares they could retain, have turned over to station ticket agents equally dishonest unpunched tickets to sell again, the proceeds being divided. Happily such combinations are not likely to work smoothly any length of time; yet they periodically occur when an especially unscrupulous conductor gets a passenger train. One enterprising youth made the phenomenal record of "knocking down" twenty-five dollars a day while in charge of a construction train, which, it need hardly be said, is never supposed to carry passengers. Under the rigid rules of the average auditing department it is doubtful whether money turned in from such a source would be accepted by the presiding Solons.

But the carrying of passengers fell under the eye of the construction department and a dismissal followed. Discharged for this violation of rules, our promising financier re-entered the service on another division of the road, where his industry and patience were rewarded in time with a passenger train. It would appear that he stood better in the confidence of his superiors than in that of his fellow-conductors, the more cynical of whom expressed doubts about the company's ever getting the train back after he had left town with it.

In contemplating the beginning of the career of such an incipient Napoleon of finance, one reflects that, after all, the difference in the ability exercised in stealing the cash fare receipts of a train, and stealing a railroad entire is one of degree rather than one of kind. Yet the two operations and the two operators are called by widely different names.

The loss of revenue from these embezzlements is frequently considerable, as may be estimated from the fact that on the road alluded to were three conductors, handling the passenger traffic on one division, who each stole ten thousand dollars a year for several years together. This did not happen very long ago, and the conductors on that line still make lower rates for passage than the general passenger agent's schedules. His efforts are doubtless devoted to circumventing the schemes of rival companies to secure business, while, oddly enough, his most incisive competition is among his own employés. Such wide-spread demoralization points to careless management.

Be sure it is well known among the subordinates on any road where it exists, and the newer men are only waiting their turn to plunder. Should you make the tour of a train where such practices flourish, you might happen into the baggage car just as the baggage-man and express messenger were lifting the cover of a box of fresh fish to supply themselves with a Sunday dinner. If you remained long enough you would see the dessert furnished from a package of fruit. While you meditated on these peculiations, the rear brakeman would have an opportunity to collect the fare of his passenger on top of a coach, who for a dollar would thus secure a ride of two or three hundred miles. Amid these cheerful surroundings should the train-boy pass a counterfeit quarter on you it would not be an occasion for surprise.

A thousand miles further west, on one of the leading railroad systems, no repairs have been made on the road-bed or equipment for a long time. In consequence, the days which pass without a wreck are the exception. They are of so common occurrence as to occasion little comment. The interesting feature for us in connection with them is that these wrecks are usually occasions for wholesale looting on the part of the employés. Those who can reach the scene load up with the scattered merchandise and carry it away with them. All hands help themselves, taking everything portable, from rare silks to plug tobaccos. On this road all manner of stealing is done so openly that it is said among railroad men, not ironically, but as a statement of fact, that an honest man "cannot hold his job" there. He would certainly feel lonely. An experienced railroader who began work for this company as a brakeman was twice offered a train, and refused to take it, feeling sure that such rottenness could not last, and that a new management would make a clean sweep among the employés. Upon inquiry, however, he learned that this state of affairs had existed for three years. That the climax of bad management has been reached on this line is painfully shown by such incidents as these: a transcontinental fruit train was held at a division station five hours waiting for a conductor to take it out; conductors are frequently two weeks behind in their remittances; one conductor turned in but one cash fare in five weeks—that one because the passenger announced his intention of trying to get it refunded by the auditor; at one of the heaviest commercial points on the system shippers are obliged to bribe the switchmen to the extent of five dollars per car to get their merchandise to warehouse within a week after its arrival in the yards.

On some Western roads losses from cash fare stealings have been reduced to a minimum because stern necessity compelled watchfulness. A man with a limited income counts the dollars more carefully than one in possession of ample funds. The poorer roads are the most observant of their revenues. A curious fact is that the roads which lose little pay out more money for watching the conductors than to the conductors themselves; and when necessary the expenditure is prudent. A run which is good for five hundred dollars a month to a conductor ought to be worth an extra salary for the secret service necessary to secure the receipts to the company. After paying two men there is still something left for dividends.

Another leak in connection with the passenger service will receive attention at the hands of the careful manager. It is in the extra baggage business, one of the newer sources of revenue. Of small volume fifteen years ago, it has steadily increased, keeping pace with the growth of commercial enterprise, until the man who travels with a dozen sample trunks is no longer a rarity. It should now be a considerable item in the earnings, but owing to loose methods of handling the business, much of the cash collected never reaches the auditing department.

After what has been seen in the train service, let us glance at a superintendent who for years made a practice of issuing to such parties as he safely could, not a ticket, not a company pass, but a personal card asking any conductor on his division to pass the bearer from A to B. By judiciously disposing of such favors, this provident steward of other men's capital supplied himself with such incidental elegancies as the mercantile houses of a large city afford to a man of taste. Subsequently entering the service of another line—it was never known which of his talents attracted their attention—our easy Sybarite found additional means for providing himself with luxuries by operating in this way on both the old road and the new. The intrinsic evil of such thievery is not the loss of a few fares to the company. They could better afford to provide a special car for every such passenger than to have them ride in this way. The corrupt relation established between conductor and superior is what appalls the reformer. Imagine the *sang-froid* with which a collector will "hold up" fares who carries with him evidence which would incriminate the only man in the service to whom he is directly accountable.

In the position of purchasing agent are vast opportunities for fraud. The amount of the supplies yearly required to feed a great railroad is immense. The temptations which encompass the purchaser of them are subtle and innumerable. It is difficult to say where the innocent receiving of courtesies leaves off and bribe-taking begins. The upright official is often embarrassed in the discharge of his duties as purchasing agent, but the office, so full of startling possibilities, sometimes falls into the hands of one of our "Napoleons," and then look out. The map of the road's prosperity will speedily be changed, and the Inter-State Commerce Act will again be made a scape-goat when the annual statement appears. A Western road was recently victimized by its purchasing agent to the extent of $250,000. That was the fairly well-ascertained loss. How much remained undiscovered cannot be estimated. From the nature of such thefts, they are difficult to trace, and the chances of recovering from the firms in collusion with a corrupt official are very slight. The shock of the exposure in this instance emphasized a rule of management to which we may here profitably advert.

The arguments of civil service reformers are usually met with feeble witticisms on the part of practical statesmen to the effect that doctrinaires are not competent judges of the requirements of business and business men. It may be doubted whether the patient advocates of the rule of merit as the test for promotion in the civil service have used the experience of railway managers to support their views as strongly as they might have done. Certainly there is no railroad worthy of mention where merit is not avowedly the only rule of promotion. Every manager knows too that the interests of the road depend upon faithful adherence to this rule. The spoilsman in politics may for obvious reasons safely vaunt his contempt for the merit system. The spoilsman in the railway service has never dared proclaim hostility to it, however frequently he may violate it. If, then, favoritism in railway management, the twin of spoils-giving in the civil service, is not demoralizing to the efficiency of the employés on a road, why be at pains to stoutly deny its existence, as every management does? What better evidence than this can be had of the soundness of the principles for which civil service reformers contend? That the application of them does not everywhere perfectly obtain among railroads is due sometimes to the weakness of managers, who have importunate relatives and friends to provide for, and again to pressure too powerful to be disregarded on the part of influential shareholders similarly beset. It is well known that, with scarcely an exception, the best railroad managers of the West have risen from the ranks. It is there that the reformers must be looked for; only an intimate knowledge of the abuses of trust possible from the foot to the head of the service will enable any man to correct them.

Coming now to the general officers, we have reached the men who are held accountable for the showings on the balance-sheets. Success is the only criterion of their ability—success which becomes each year more difficult in the face of adverse conditions. Their responsibilities are greater than those of the men we have considered thus far; so much greater the need of absolute integrity. With increased responsibilities are coupled larger opportunities for good and for evil. Under the spur of disasters and deficits some of the least scrupulous among these officials have of late been severely handled by outraged shareholders.

The keener among our newspapers have used the lash freely in exposing conspiracies to enrich managerial cliques at the expense of their employers. This, indeed, is the province of the daily press; ours being to point out the train of evils which always follows dishonest management, and which requires constant repression under the most conscientious officials. Mention may be made of one expensive incident in the history of a Western road to emphasize the reflection that honesty among subordinates need not be looked for when managers are intent upon defrauding their principals. It was the lamented president of a Granger line who made liberal purchases of swamp lands in an early day for his private account, and discovered in later years an urgent need for real estate of that character on the part of the road whose interests he was handsomely paid to guard. It all eventually became a portion of the road's assets at a snug profit for the faithful steward. It was an aggravation of the injury that while the cost of making that land available for use—the hauling of thousands of car loads of gravel, with its concomitant expense—did not add to the steward's riches, it sadly depleted those of his master. The line was owned largely by the Dutch, which possibly may have suggested the quaint humor of loading the Hollanders up with their own specialty in real estate. The muck of this and similar pioneer transactions appears to have clung to the securities of the system to this day. The famous device for defrauding shareholders by building branch lines, constructed at enormous profits to the insiders, and subsequently consolidating them with the parent line, has been successfully practised so often that the most apathetic shareholder ought not to need information about it. Yet the investors who annually give their proxies to managers who thus abuse their confidence are numbered by thousands. But whatever the fraud may be, though the indifferent holder of securities may not perceive it, the subordinates of the system understand the game, and their knowledge of it will not strengthen their scruples regarding funds committed to their charge. Our reformers must come from the ranks, but the reform must begin at the top. The moral atmosphere about the service on a road should not be such as to tempt an honest man, but rather such as to constrain the unprincipled to honesty.

Federated labor is a controlling element among employés on all railroads. To keep these organizations within bounds, to get their members to do their work without dictating their own wages, or taking the management of the road into their own hands, and at the same time to deal so justly with employés as to avoid disastrous strikes, is one of the problems which keeps the railway manager busy.

In the Granger movement of 1873 the farmer first gave expression to his dissatisfaction with the charges of the railroads which transport his products and supplies. The agitation was short-lived, but the same discontent has manifested itself several times since then, and recently, under the form of the Farmers' Alliance, it has assumed an importance which interested parties can no longer safely ignore. The holdings of a large number of our railway investors are in danger when hostile legislation is impending in the Western States. And yet the interests of the farmer and his carrier, who are thus arrayed against each other, are naturally identical. Why is it that we find them at odds? It is plain that whatever helps the farmer to prosper will benefit the railroad which serves him. If, on the contrary, a drain be placed on the farmer which shall insensibly deplete his earnings, leaving him each year poorer than the last, his carrier will feel the impoverishment directly. If the farmer fails to detect the clever parasite which is sapping his strength, he will not rest until he fixes the blame elsewhere. The railroads are generally accused first as the cause of his troubles. That the Granger lines are essentially dependent on the prosperity of the farmer is too evident for dispute, and that agriculture has prospered under the national legislation of the past twenty-five years seems, to advocates of the protective theory, likewise beyond doubt. Much labor has been expended and impressive statistics brought forward to support this idea. At last, however, the germs of scepticism appear to have entered the farmer's honest heart. Advocates of an unrestricted commerce have long been incredulous on the subject, but the doctrine of *laissez faire* has not been in favor with our governing statesmen, who are generously bent on helping the farmer whether he will have it or not. Soothed by the assurances of these guardians of his welfare, he has been content for a generation to rely on their efforts in his behalf for his promised prosperity; but he is now awakening to a sense of the real cause of his troubles, and the railroads will no longer have more sins than their own to answer for. It is the burden of taxation upon agriculture which is the chief cause of the distress of the Western roads.

Rate cutting is only the effect of too many carriers for the car load. This excess of competition might arise from the presence of too many lines in a certain territory; but in this case it does not.

The rational limit to railroad building is that extent which shall promptly serve the population which the territory will support. It would be absurd to assert that the West has reached that limit in either respect. An English economist has recently stated in a study on American railroads that we can produce grain enough in this country to supply the world if it shall ever be made worth our while.

The excess of competition is an effect—the effect of taxing a people until they can buy only one-half the supplies they need and produce only one-half of what they are able to if it paid to increase the production.

Unequalled natural resources have made it possible for agriculture to make great strides in the past twenty-five years in spite of adverse economic conditions. The carrier has received a liberal share of its earnings. Sharper competition in the markets of the world—to which our farmers are still obliged to take their surplus pending the establishment of that home market so pathetically waited for—have materially reduced the incomes from the fields. Hence the demand for cheaper transportation.

Another perplexing feature of the situation is the financial status of the railroads themselves. A road costing $6000 a mile to build is stocked for $10,000 and bonded for $20,000 a mile. It is expected to pay five per cent. on the bonds and as much or more on the shares. This means about twenty per cent. on the actual cost of construction. When the securities are floated on this basis, the fortunes about which we read are made at the expense of the investors and the customers of the road. When adversity overtakes the agriculturist, he proposes scaling the tariff of rates to a fair return on the actual cost of the line.

But, protests the innocent holder of securities, you are confiscating my property in limiting its earning power. As the matter stands now, responds the farmer, you are confiscating my property to pay dividends on money never expended on your road. There is an awkward hitch here, and two innocent parties are left to adjust it. It is the millionaire manager, posing at a safe distance as a great financier, who has cleverly swindled them both.

If tillers of the soil seem imbued with unreasoning hostility toward railroads, it is because a man stung with invisible hornets will view everything with a predetermined air, being animated by a pressing desire to transfer a portion of his unrest to some other fellow. When the tribute is removed from the supplies needed for the farm this hostility, which seems so unaccountable, will vanish.

It may be objected that the ideas of the Granger on the subject of railway finance are crude. Perhaps it is so; but it is the man of crude ideas who pays the freight, and, occasionally, makes the laws. The legislation is frequently absurd; yet it does not follow that there is no ground for complaint. It should not be forgotten that such rights as those of eminent domain carry with them grave responsibilities as well as great advantages. Nor can it be maintained that the rights of innocent holders of watered stock are so clearly determined in courts of equity that the awkwardness of defendant's counsel in presenting his case will constitute grounds for throwing him out of court.

That a railway management should not be in touch with the people whom it serves is a misfortune; but the exquisite difficulties of paying dividends and interest on fictitious capital out of an income limited by legislative enactments regarding rates are not the least of those which beset the managers of the Granger lines. Sometimes in self-defence, then, the railroad gets into Western politics. It is not to be supposed that the qualities necessary for a successful general manager are such as would enable their possessor to shine as the leader of a Bible class. Nor is it strange that in exercising the extraordinary power which they find themselves masters of they should forget to halt at the limits of their own political rights and encroach on those of the people.

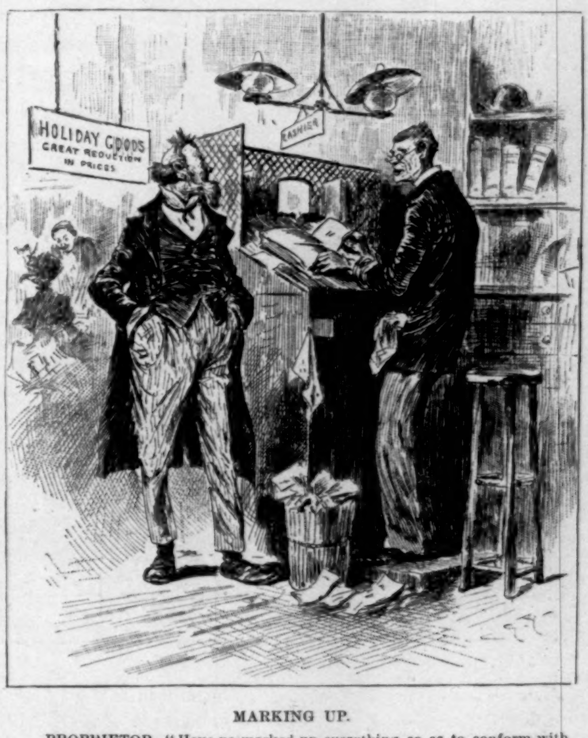
The responsibility of laying too heavy a hand on State and national legislators is a dangerous one; nor has the judiciary itself always escaped its influence. Every act of this nature is bitterly resented by the former, and where the steward sows the wind his master will one day reap the whirlwind.

From a consideration of the abuses which, like weeds, have choked the harvest which belongs to the owners, and in directing attention to the awkward situation in which the trend of our economic legislation has placed the Granger lines, some good will in all likelihood result if the men whose capital is at stake are induced to study their own interests.

A strong infusion of honesty must be made into Western railway management. If the chiefs possess the virtue, it needs only brains to formulate methods which shall render it almost impossible to abuse a trust anywhere in the service without detection.

Then cut the cords which bind the husbandman, and his servant, the Western railroad, will leap into prosperity with him.

Frank H. Spearman.



MARKING UP.

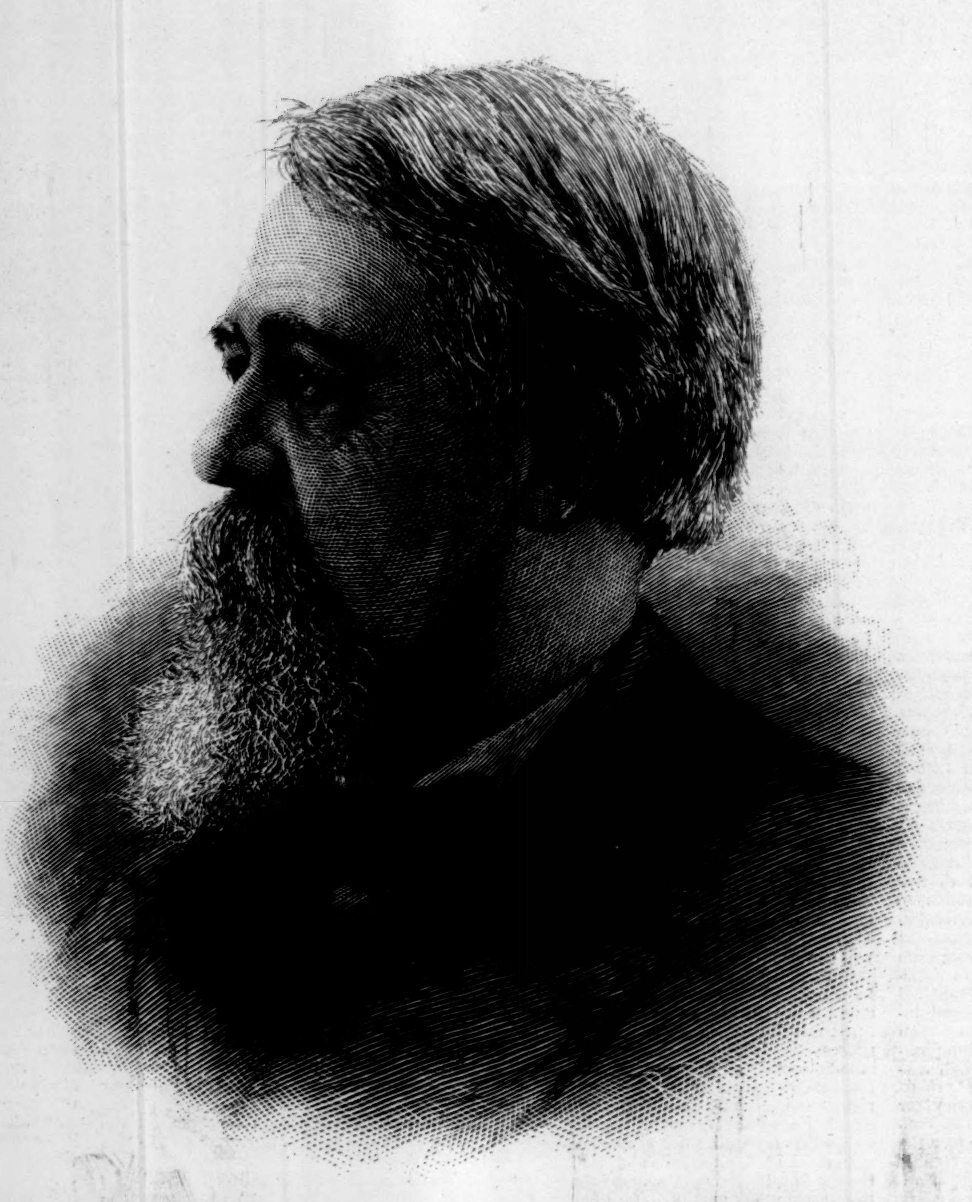
PROPRIETOR. "Have ye marked up everything, so as to conform with the new tariff?"
CASHIER. "Yes, sir; all but one thing."
PROPRIETOR. "What's that?"
CASHIER. "My salary, sir."
PROPRIETOR. "Oh, that's one of the few things McKinley didn't raise, an' it can remain in *statoo quo* for the present."

CHRISTMAS-TIME—THE LAST DELIVERY.

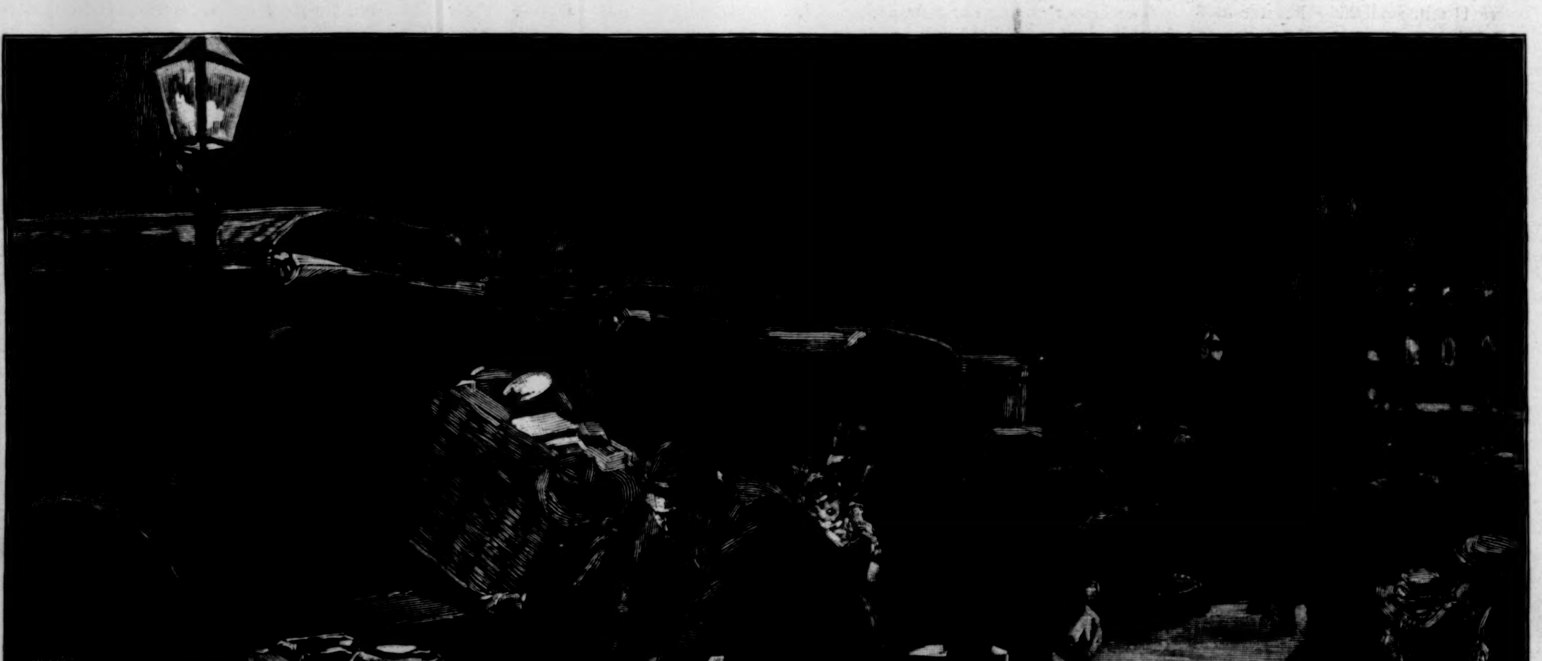
The last delivery of this holiday-time means a great deal to a great many people, and in very different ways. There are provident people who begin before the autumn is fully spent to provide themselves with all they need for the holidays, whether in the way of treats to themselves personally, or with those things which are to be produced for others on Christmas morning as though Santa Claus had just brought them down a convenient chimney. But such provident persons are by no means the rule, and the shopkeepers are doubtless sorry that they should be so few, for it would be much more comfortable for all concerned if the business of the last week before Christmas could be distributed over the four or five weeks before. As it is, almost too much is crowded into the last few days, and how the patient sales men and women stand the strain to which they are subject at this time and still preserve their courtesy and good-nature is almost incomprehensible. It must be that the spirit of the season upholds them, and it is pleasant to think that this is so, for it must be known to any one who has walked through the great bazars at Christmas-time that no amount of training could so discipline frail human nature as to make it, without other aid, proof against the assaults which the men and women behind the counters have to meet with a smiling front hour after hour and day after day as the time for Christmas shopping draws to an end. To these hard-worked people the last delivery means very much. It means lighter work and shorter hours. To others, alas! it means no work at all, for many persons are employed just for the rush which culminates with Christmas, and the last delivery takes from them their temporary occupation.

Many are the men who when they realize that Christmas is approaching look into their affairs, and conclude that this year the day must pass by without any special celebration. Not many, we fancy, reach this conclusion out of pure meanness, as did the miserable Scrooge whose tribulations Dickens has made known to us, but, as a rule, these decisions are arrived at upon very sound if very sad investigations into accrued profits and pressing liabilities. This little venture has miscarried for one head of a family, another one has depleted his savings in paying the doctor and the apothecary, and still another has learned something of the law's delay and the expensive costs thereof. And so on, and so on. He tells his wife and he tells his children that this year there will be no Christmas gifts. He says this over and over again, and he believes himself that there will be none. This has been his lean year, and those who belong to him must partake of his leanness. As the holiday approaches he sees in the streets and in the newspapers more evidences of greater preparation. As this activity increases, his avowals of an inability to do a proper part in the customary celebration become stronger and more frequent. He doth protest so much that the children scarcely credit him, and secretly believe that Christmas will be celebrated as usual. And so it is; for the good man weakens at the last moment, and hurries around from shop to shop, and makes liberal purchases in time for the last delivery. And the children are not disappointed.

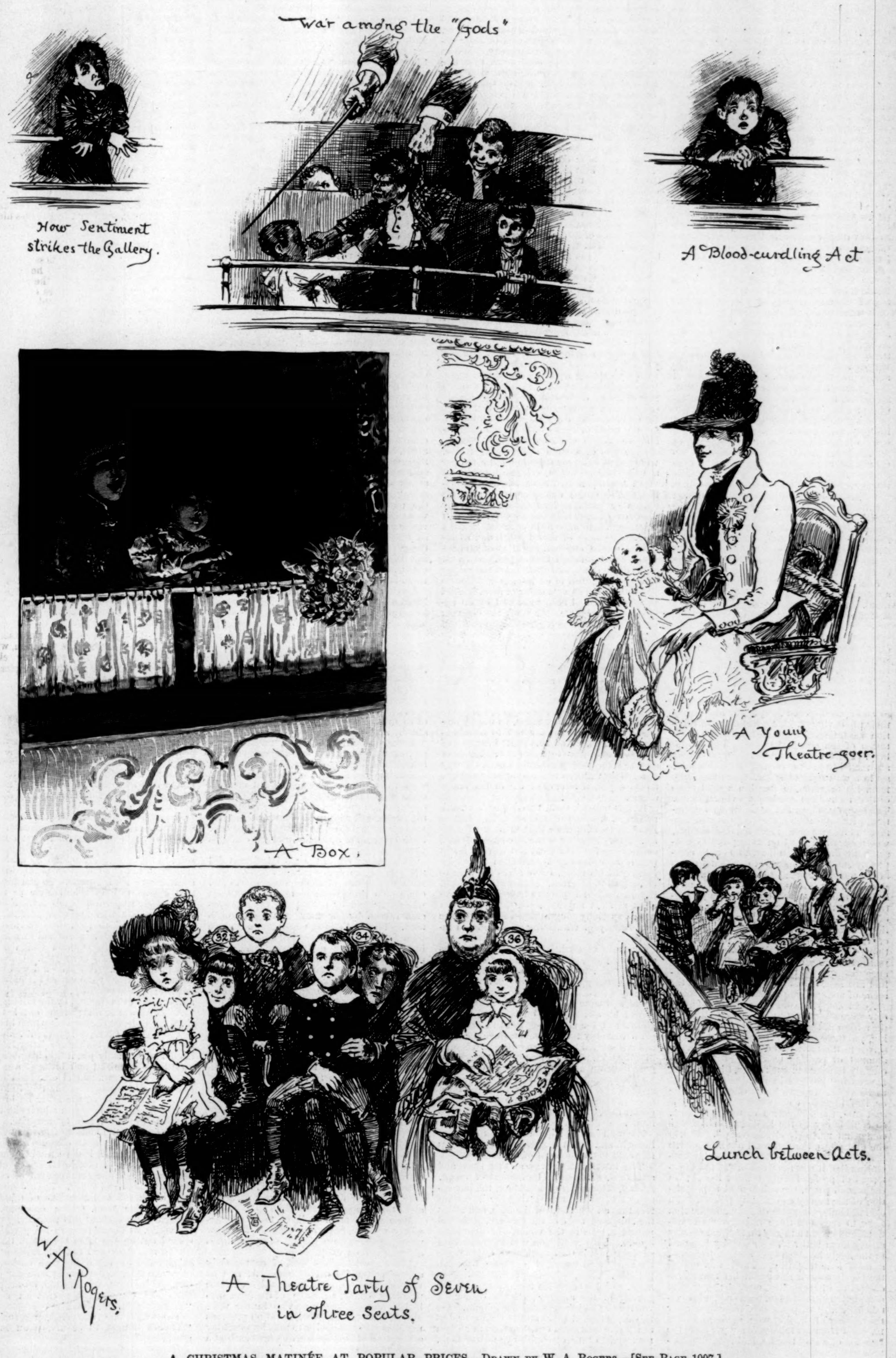
Although the wagons in the picture seem already overloaded, and there is plenty yet upon the sidewalk to be crowded in, the porters and drivers seem thoroughly good-natured about it. All the hidden good things in human nature are now discovered, though they be closely concealed all the rest of the year. The little girl who looks wistfully at the dolls going to some other home will probably find one for herself on the morrow, and the lad with her, though he may not get exactly what his heart is set upon, will probably get something else which will in the end please him just as well.



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL ALFRED H. TERRY, U. S. A.—[See Page 1007.]



LAST DELIVERY OF CHRISTMAS GOODS FROM A METROPOLITAN RETAIL STORE.—Drawn by W. R. Bodfish.


War among the "Gods"
How Sentiment strikes the Gallery.
A Blood-curdling Act
A Box.
A Young Theatre-goer.
32
34
36
Lunch between Acts.
A Theatre Party of Seven in Three Seats.
W. A. Rogers.

A CHRISTMAS MATINÉE AT POPULAR PRICES.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 1007.]

A LOST LEADER.

BY JAMES SULLY.

DUNCHESTER was utterly nonplussed. One of its most opulent citizens robbed, and the proceeds handed over to the hospital! Here was a situation fitted to stagger the firmest limb, and to take away the breath from the stoutest pair of lungs. And what was even more trying, the most painstaking reflection could discover no precedent which made the occurrence less mysterious. In Dunchester, as in other places, the charities were wont to be looked after by honest folk, or at least by such as observed the legal and conventional side of honesty. There were, indeed, cases of hoary sinners betaking themselves, when, as in the case of the kings described by a French writer, "La colique venait à les prendre, et qu'ils voyaient reluire la flamme de l'enfer," to quite startling exercises of generosity; but such tardy acts of beneficence took care to advertise themselves, so that their case could throw no light on this carefully concealed diversion to humane purposes of the takings of a house-breaker.

There could be no sort of doubt about the fact. The ten Bank of England £100 notes taken out of Mr. Levi Schmalz's iron safe on the night of December 24th were identical with those found two days later in the hospital box. They were, moreover, considerately transmitted in an envelope with the accompanying message, "From an able but reluctant contributor." Now Mr. Schmalz was well known to be a millionaire, owning nearly two-thirds of the house property in the poorer quarter of the city. He had, moreover, never been suspected of contributing a single sixpenny piece to a charitable purpose, and in virtue of the iron rigidity of his grip on all that he could exact, could boast of the reputation of the Shylock of Dunchester. Accordingly this written accompaniment seemed of itself to point to the source of the anonymous contribution. For the rest, nobody for a moment did Schmalz the injustice of supposing him to have been a willing party to the donation. Thus there remained the puzzle that an accomplished hand had, for undivined reasons, addressed itself to the task of transporting the sum of £1000 from the overweighted pockets of a close-fisted Dives to the needy coffers of a charitable institution.

Such an occurrence could not but produce a considerable commotion in the Dunchester mind. The instinctive horror of law-abiding citizens having home castles of their own to be broken into was qualified by a malicious gratification at the remarkable result—the compulsion of Schmalz to an outward respect of the charities. More than one youthful citizen, indeed, declared that they would gladly have assisted at the ceremony of compulsory proselytism, which reminded them of the sturdy mode of conversion that used to be imposed on the vanquished heathen by their pious victors. This feeling of satisfaction was intensified by a half-confessed admiration of the splendid audacity of the robbery. For the stolen notes had actually been abstracted from an exceedingly difficult safe, set in a wall separating Mr. Schmalz's study from his bedroom, and within a yard or so of that recumbent gentleman's vigilant ears. The accomplishment of so delicate an operation, without causing the proprietor a momentary disturbance of his virtuous slumber, was naturally looked on as a piece of consummate art. Yet so difficult is it to completely satisfy the complex emotional needs of the modern man, and so much more persistent in general is the impulse to understand a thing than to admire its fine proportions, that after a little time the first feeling of jubilant delight gave way to one of impatient curiosity. Dunchester had a good deal of the rationalistic spirit of its age, and though it was quite willing to enjoy for a reasonable time the spectacle of a performance unsurpassed in the annals of the criminal fine arts, it had no wish to figure as the scene of a stupefying miracle.

Accordingly, the official guardians of property were strenuously pushed on to discover the author of this original piece of law-breaking, and these worthy persons bestirred themselves in the matter to a most praiseworthy amount of panting exertion. But, as frequently happens in such cases, the difficulty in securing positive knowledge was sought to be veiled under a brave display of more or less ingenious conjecture. In the present case, the occupation of theory spinner, so consolatory to the baffled detective, was somewhat narrowly circumscribed. For, in the first place, the technical qualities of the performance shut up the police to the conclusion that it was the work of the most dexterous of professionally trained hands; in the second place, the subsequent appropriation of the money as certainly pointed to an overwhelming impulse of humanitarianism. How to reconcile these incongruous conditions, and invent a theory that should equally satisfy them both? This necessity hemmed in the lively leapings of official conjecture in a most irritating way. There was indeed the barely conceivable possibility that an accomplished burglar had, after the successful completion of his design, been suddenly overtaken by a fit of penitence, somewhat after the manner of the dog who, having adroitly removed from his mistress's supper table the remains of an ox tongue, had found the actuality of theft too much for his conscience, and instantly carried the stolen property into the drawing-room, where its rightful owner was sitting, and laid them, with all the marks of an overwhelming remorse, at her feet. But the official mind is not very receptive of the idea of repentance, at least before capture; so that this supposition found no favor.

At length, in the impatience of their extremity, the police made a greedy clutch at the depressingly lean conjecture that one Scragmore, a clever locksmith who was known to have been badly treated by Schmalz, had committed the robbery. So Scragmore was carefully watched for a week or so, until, failing to find the least positive ground for their suspicion, the authorities were forced out of very shame to relinquish it.

For the rest, the officials brought strong pressure to bear on Joshua Male, the constable whose beat on that eventful Christmas Eve included the square in which stood Schmalz's house. It was felt that Male ought to have seen or heard something in the half-dozen tramps past the mansion which must have taken place during the carrying out of so difficult a piece of house-breaking. But to their great disgust, Male appeared to be as much in the dark as themselves. In the end the Chief Superintendent, Ripton, who showed himself characteristically zealous in the inquiry, felt it his duty to subject Male to severe cross-examination.

Ripton was a conspicuous personality in Dunchester. He was a slim, smart-looking man, with a firmly modelled mouth and chin, and small but very bright gray eyes, which had a way of suddenly turning on you and pinning you, so to say—making you feel as we may suppose a rat to feel which unexpectedly finds himself in the vise of a terrier's pair of jaws. He had been a detective of considerable experience, and was looked up to by the force with a kind of hero-worship. On the mind of Joshua Male more particularly he had exercised a strange fascination.

Male was of a stout and massive frame, whose slow movements suggested a temper a trifle inert, though doggedly persistent when actually roused to exertion. In intellect, too, he struck one as sluggish, and was apt to be put down as dunderheaded by those who knew him but slightly. Yet, if wanting in brilliance of intellect, Male had a rich endowment of moral force, and as his official record attested, could at any emergency shoot forward to the perilous front. Since Ripton's appointment this moral energy had been absorbed in an intense devotion to one recognized as a "master of men." And this devotion had been rewarded by an apparent enlargement of the man's intelligence; for by a habitual and intent study of tone and look he had so learned to read his superior's mind that he knew beforehand how he would look at this, what he would say to that, what course he would follow in such circumstances. While growing in knowledge of Ripton's thought, he became obedient to it, as the alert dog who divines and executes his master's muttered behest. Ripton's volition became a law to Joshua, as the hypnotizer's volition becomes a law to his slumbering patient. And this swift intuition of a master-mind gave to Male the semblance of a more than usually sagacious man. Every one felt that Ripton had managed to awaken an unsuspected reserve of wit in his subordinate.

It was natural, then, that Ripton's examination of his subordinate should be looked forward to with more than ordinary curiosity. Every member of the force knew Male's enthusiasm for his leader, and was confident that if there was any knowledge lying at the bottom of his mind, Ripton was the man to bring it to the surface. It was the custom of the methodical Ripton to have a short-hand clerk at such inquiries, and that privileged person specially congratulated himself on the opportunity of witnessing so curious an interview.

As Male entered, Ripton sat looking decidedly fidgety, as if he cordially disliked the business and resented its necessity. Male, on his part, appeared to have lost hold of the tube by which he drew his borrowed intelligence, and wore a sheepish look. As Ripton turned his swift glance on him there was a glimmer of the answering light in his eyes; yet it was only for a moment, since the leader's orb seemed for once to refuse the coveted illumination, and in place of its transfixing gaze took on a feeble fluttering movement. Male's straining glance thereupon relaxed, and fell as a kite falls when the string snaps, and the short-hand clerk had a horrible misgiving that, after all, there was to be no revelation.

After an instant Ripton seemed to recover himself, and began to question Male as to his movements on the night of the robbery.

The interrogation was at first slow and awkward, threatening barrenness of result. At last, after much discomfiture, the interrogator succeeded in extracting the important fact that on the night of the 24th, and about the supposed hour of the robbery, Male had passed a man in the vicinity of Schmalz's square. This admission was followed by a strange pause in the questioning, which made the short-hand writer almost burst with impatience. Then, fixing his eyes on Male once more, and lowering his tone, as became the gravity of the moment, Ripton demanded whether he had recognized the loiterer. On this Male looked more stupid than ever, but at length stammered out that though he had managed to turn his bull's-eye on the man, he had failed to identify him. After receiving this answer, Ripton sank back in his chair and heaved a deep sigh, as if thankful to have got to the end of so wearisome and barren an interrogation, and immediately after motioned Male to withdraw.

Every detail of this remarkable scene was of course soon known, and fully discussed by Male's comrades.

"I reckon," said one of the most knowing to his companions, "as how the Superintendent forgot to give Male the clew this time. Male's cute enow to ken a face when he likes, and I'm a-thinking he mun know a deal more nor he care to say o' yon chap as were hanging about th' square."

After this it was clear to everybody that the police were baffled. The Schmalz burglary was destined, it seemed, to take its place among the undiscovered crimes which, if they do nothing else, serve to dispel the too flattering illusion of childhood that those superior-looking persons who lend a statuesque feature to the corners of our streets, and are the refuge of the ignorant wayfarer, are semi-divine beings possessing the gift of omniscience.

The victim of the robbery grew furious at this result of the investigation. And his wrath was not perhaps altogether unjustifiable; for the effect of the burglary had been, first of all, to deprive him of a precious sum of £1000, the possession of which to him was by no means determined (as scientific men say it ought to be) by its ratio to his total wealth. In the second place, the robbery had added insult to injury. The appropriation of the stolen notes to a charitable fund cast an ugly slur on his character. It was one thing to be a screw and generally accepted as such, another thing to have public attention riveted on the fact by an unseemly joke. So the worthy man smarted under a burning sense of injury.

The secretary of the hospital, in the most courteous of notes, professed his readiness, if Mr. Schmalz desired it, to restore to him the notes, which he understood were not a spontaneous donation. At first Schmalz was all for accepting so obvious a proposal, when strong pressure was brought to bear against the course. And so, finally, the secretary was informed by Schmalz's henchman, a favorite nephew, by no means forgetful of possibilities of heirship, with a fine display of the grand epistolary style, that that cruelly injured gentleman knew how to be magnanimous, and was prepared to leave the bank-notes in the coffers of the hospital.

Having thus accommodated himself to the inevitable, and eased his constitution of a harmful superfluity of bile, Mr. Schmalz grew calm and even cheerful. He began to experience new and undivined emotions. The sense of his amazing and reckless generosity inflated his bosom to yet ampler proportions, and gave a warmer glow to his cheek. His complacent smile and genial accents began to win everybody, and Dunchester, forgetting the recency of his conversion, grew to regard the nocturnal spoliation of so urbane a gentleman as a particularly shabby action.

Meanwhile Joshua Male's position was getting worse and worse. Deprived of his intellectual leading-strings, he grew more and more stupid and helpless. He who had wont to be so alert and methodical now became absent-minded and careless. On one occasion he appeared at the daily reading of the muster-roll with unblacked boots, and on another he arrived a good five minutes late. Such breaches of discipline brought ominous warnings.

This falling off in the official virtues did not escape the eyes of Male's wife. Mrs. Male was a refined-looking woman, who had come of a respectable yeoman's stock, and was considered by her friends to have lowered herself by her marriage with a policeman. The truth is she had fallen in love with Joshua as a fine, brave-looking constable, whose record more than upheld the promise of his looks, and he always remained to her perceptions and her imagination the stalwart unflinching bulwark of the law. This point of view betrayed itself in her custom of always addressing him, even in her proudest moments, as "Male" or "Constable." Accordingly as he sank into a most unconstabulary absent-mindedness and slovenliness of deportment, she experienced a painful shock. At first she attributed this despondent mood to his fine conscientiousness, which led him to take all the shame of the baffled police inquiry on his own shoulders. And she would try to rally him after this fashion:

"Yo'r brave enow, Male, as yo' ha' often proven to folk. But it's not given to the bravest o' constables to ferret out the dodges of some o' these sharpers. They're like rats, which the Almighty had to make a bit cunninger nor their pursuers, just to gi' em a chance. So dunnot vex yorsel', man; but take comfort i' thinking o' a' yo'r successes afore this happened."

Male would seem to listen to this housewifely wisdom, but to no effect. He grew more sullen, more negligent of appearances at home and on duty.

The Superintendent was, of course, duly apprised of these derelictions. At first he was naturally unwilling to take extreme measures against a member of the force who had done such good service in the past. When, however, Male surpassed all previous negligences by declining to take into custody a street shoeblack for hurling his brush at a gentlemanly occupant of a dog-cart, on the ridiculous pretext that this person had tried to drive over him, and had made him lose a week's supply of blacking, Ripton saw that something would have to be done. So he gave orders reluctantly that Male was to be discharged.

Before the order was carried out, however, Ripton had Male examined by the police surgeon, who sent in a report that the man was suffering from melancholia. In this way he managed to secure for his favorite subordinate a small retiring pension.

Mrs. Male was naturally much put out by all this. Her hero had fallen indeed when he no longer cared to preserve his official rank and reputation, or even to support his wife and three children. Hard though it was, she began to feel that she must pluck her old worship of the man out of her leal bosom. Yet she could not bring herself to express her altered feelings; so she said as little as possible to her husband, and as he also was disposed to silence, they drifted away into a sullen isolation.

Presently, however, owing perhaps to some surviving rootlet of the old adoration, she began to think she might be a little unjust to her husband. Certain broken utterances in his sleep, such as "I'll ne'er peach again 'im," set her thinking. She had known of Male's devotion to his chief, and also of the sundering of the bond between them, as evidenced in the recent interview. She felt vaguely that there was something behind Male's taciturnity. What if her husband's falling off in duty were due to some malign influence exerted by his leader? She had not shared Male's ardent admiration of Ripton, perhaps because it is never easy for a woman to accept the situation of her husband's having another idol than herself; and though she could not blind herself to the appearance of generosity in Ripton's conduct toward her husband, she retained an uneasy suspicion that he was somehow answerable for her present humiliation.

The news of Male's dismissal and its grounds seemed to revive in the Dunchester mind a flagging interest in the Schmalz mystery. The vague feeling that the police had not done its utmost became now defined in the conviction that Joshua Male had been culpably negligent in letting the criminal slip through his fingers.

This conclusion, however, afforded no resting-place. A gross neglect of official duty like this looked unpleasantly like winking at law-breaking. Now no Dunchester man could suspect the honest and courageous Male of allowing crime of his own proper motion; and since everybody knew of his complete subservience to his chief, there arose an uneasy suspicion that Ripton himself was in his heart a little lukewarm in clearing up the business.

Then followed another and still graver rumor. The Chief Superintendent had sent in his resignation, and left Dunchester, nobody knew whither, though it was surmised that he was leaving the country for America, where he was known to have relations and landed property. Dunchester curiosity was all agog. Here was truly a pretty kettle of fish. The hurried disappearance of the head of the police at this critical moment supplied, of course, a strong confirmation of the suspicion that there had been culpable neglect on the part of the force in tracking out the Schmalz burglary.

Mrs. Male shared the common view of the situation. It was, on the whole, easier for a wife, in whom marriage had by no means destroyed a strong propensity for hero-worship, to think of her husband as misled by loyalty to his chief than as failing in duty apart from such influence. So she took the first opportunity to sound Male as to his view of the Superintendent's mysterious retirement. She was not disappointed. He tried very hard to look unconcerned, but certain twitchings of mouth and flushings of cheek betrayed the emotion which a bare reference to the subject excited. One thing was plain to her. Her husband was by no means depressed by the news of Ripton's departure; on the contrary, he appeared to be relieved and even cheered by the intelligence.

A few days after this resignation a letter arrived for Male, on the cover of which his wife recognized the Liverpool postmark. Joshua started a little on taking the letter into his hand, and hurriedly put it into his pocket.

Joshua's dismissal had brought a certain leanness into the financial condition of the family. Hence when on the day following that of the arrival of the letter he brought his wife home a new gown which she badly wanted, she was taken by surprise. Mrs. Male's taste in the matter of gowns was not subject to the capricious changes of fashion. It remained what it had been when she was a girl of sixteen—an exclusive approval of a particular plaid-like arrangement of certain shades of blue and green. Even Joshua, in spite of masculine limitations of mind and preoccupation with public concerns, had learned to understand this peculiarity of his wife. So, as he brought in his parcel, and spread out on the table the colors that her soul loved, she could not but smile and be happy, and though dying with curiosity as to where he got the money, she dared not trouble him by questioning him on the point.

So she contented herself with saying, "Hope it's a' right, Male?"

To which he answered, reassuringly, "There's nought to be afeard on in yon gown, lass."

Meanwhile the sensation produced by the Superintendent's abandonment of office was unallayed. The pride of Dunchester was stung to the quick by the apparent collapse of official virtue. It was hard to remain calm and silent under the first disgrace of the baffled police inquiry. But then Dunchester could comfort itself by reflecting that other towns who thought themselves quite as wide-awake as herself had failed now and again to clear up their crimes. But the apparent implication of the head of the police was a burning shame not to be diminished by such consolatory comparisons. So Dunchester began to bethink itself of buttressing up its damaged reputation. To this end one of its newspapers went to work to purge the place of the taint of crime-harboring by bringing out a vigorous and orthodox dissertation on the foundations of private property. Pricked by virtuous emulation, the other newspaper of the town went further, and published a furious protest against the growing laxity of men's views on the subject of property. A lurid light, the eloquent writer contended, had been cast on the diffusion of this laxity by the appalling discovery that loose ideas appeared, from facts recently brought to light, to have penetrated into the very stronghold of law and order, corrupting those who had vowed to be the official protectors of property. In the same high-pitched strain the article protested against the filling up in these degenerate days of offices of the highest responsibility without a severe preliminary examination into the candidate's innermost convictions.

Now it happened that Male perused this last article, but not being much of a scholar, and ignorant of the subtleties of the journalistic style, supposed that it referred merely to his own lukewarmness in the matter of the Schmalz robbery. This misapprehension, however, was speedily dispelled by his wife, who had also read the article, and with greater intelligence.

"Yo' munna ween, Male, as the fault o' a plain constable is a matter o' so much concern to outside folk as it is to his own kith and kin. Neglect o' duty is common enow, I reckon, and 'tisn't everybody who knows how much honester my Male is nor the run o' constables. No, Male, these learned folk are a-making a' this fuss on account o' the Superintendent. They mean to say as he hasn't done his duty in this Schmalz job, and has thrown up his appointment out o' shame."

Thereupon Joshua was seen to betake himself to the unfamiliar and unwieldy business of penmanship. For long hours he sat covering sheet after sheet of note-paper with very uncouth characters. At last the perplexing task seemed to have got itself done. Male folded the paper, put it in an envelope, addressed and stamped the same, and then putting it in his pocket, went out of the house. Mrs. Male sat amazed as her husband ventured on the unheard-of proceeding of writing a letter without any aid from her superior learning. She was once more devoured by curiosity, but this time, happily, her tortures were not prolonged. The very next day a neighbor brought her the day's newspaper, and bade her fix her eyes on a particular column while she fixed her own glances on the reader's face. In this column Mrs. Male read the following:

"SIR,—We dunnot charge accused folk when they m'appen to be absent. Yo' mun know as Superintendent Ripton is out o' reach o' yo'r fine words, and so cannot say nought for to defend hissel'. Sir, wi' a' respect, I beg for to say as yo' dunno nought about the business. Sir, it's me, Joshua Male, as is answerable for Mr. Schmalz's robbery not being cleared up. Xmas Eve wer a freezing cold night, and what wi' the frost and the clanging o' them church bells, my senses was a' benumbed like. Sir, m'appen yon hanger-about the square wer the burglar: anyway I ought for to ha' ta'en the chap to the station. The Superintendent seed that clear enow, and if he did na press me harder, 'twer just out o' pity. Sir, you now have a' I knows o' the matter. The Superintendent has naught to do wi' 't, and in place o' charging him wi' the leastest screed o' foul play, I wish for to say as I ne'er knowed a finer, uprighter gentleman. Sir, I am afeard I ha' sent yo' a poor bit o' a scribble, but like enow yo' can lick it into proper shape. Sir, I count on yo' for to print this letter in defence o' the absent Superintendent.

"Sir, I take the liberty to sign mysel'
"Yo'r humble servant,
"JOSHUA MALE."

Male's letter did Ripton a timely service. People felt it had the ring of honesty about it, and they saw that it supplied a fairly satisfactory explanation of the falling off in Ripton's ferret-like pertinacity of pursuit. They recognized, too, that Ripton had been badly set upon by the local papers, and that it was natural enough for him to shake from his feet the dust of a city which, after knowing his long and brilliant services, could all of a sudden lose its faith in him. It may be added that Male's letter soothed Dunchester's wounded pride. So long as the head of the police was cleared, it did not in the least mind sacrificing Male as a scape-goat. It was no doubt human to be overtaken with drowsiness in the small hours of a frosty winter's night; but then constables were assumed to be above this and other like weaknesses.

On the mind of Mrs. Male, Joshua's letter acted with less of convincing force. She had divined too much to accept her husband's story as a complete solution of the mystery, and she did not like this way of hushing up the matter. She could not reconcile herself to her husband's being looked on as failing in duty, even in the extenuating circumstances of numbing frost and dazing noise. So she said to herself, with a full uprising of her strong little will, that she would not accept her husband's attempt to whitewash his chief.

There are women who in these circumstances would have given themselves up to bemoaning the injustice of fate. But Mrs. Male was not a person of this kind. She strongly objected to regard herself as an ill-used woman, and did not once sit down and whimper over the unmerited misfortune of herself and family. She had, indeed, a good deal of the north-country sturdiness in her composition, so that when some well-meaning but ill-advised neighbor looked in to talk over Male's letter and to offer condolence, she smartly silenced her by saying:

"There's no occasion, I'm thinking, neighbor, to bring in Male's name i' our talk. I reckon I know more nor other folk o' my husband's doings. Not as I'd ha' been hard on the man if so be that he happened for once to wax a bit drowsy on a freezing night. I wouldna mind a-measuring him again' ony o' yo'r fine constables in the matter o' drowsiness. But I am not called for to do 't. As I say, there's a deal more nor folk knows."

Mrs. Male kept up her secret observation of her husband. The reception of that letter and the writing of that defence of his former leader to the newspaper seemed to have lifted a burden from his heart. He grew less taciturn, less moody, and began to exert himself as in the old days. Joshua had been a tailor before he joined the force, and he now put up a board above his door inviting the unfortunate who finds himself with a rent in his garment and no woman's deft needle at hand to turn to him for assistance. As he was well known to be a good hand with that little instrument, and was always liked for his quiet, friendly ways, folk began to come and bring him work.

Perhaps Mrs. Male ought to have been satisfied with the turn things had taken? What if her husband had been dismissed? Everybody knew it was for a trifling negligence; which, moreover, would not have been visited with any punishment but for his own conscientiousness, which made him brood over it till he became unfit for his duties. But Mrs. Male combined with practical womanly instincts a quantity of girlish sentiment. She wanted badly to go on making a hero of her husband as in the old time, and she had a strong presentiment that if she knew all, she would be able to indulge her proclivities.

Now the way to know all was, of course, to see the contents of that letter. How was this to be done? Like many another wife, Mrs. Male had never thought out into clear theoretic form the serious question whether a man's property is in all cases his wife's also. Very likely she had the common disposition of her sex to adopt this view in an untheoretic practical fashion. At the same time her old reverence for her husband made her shrink back for a moment from the idea of getting possession of a letter that he had not chosen to show her Then her strong faith that the letter would somehow tell in his favor, and the longing to give him back all her old admiration prevailed over her scruple, and she even managed to reason her way to the conclusion that it was her bounden duty to see so instructive a document.

Whereupon she exercised her bright womanly wits, and devised ways and means. Joshua had a weakness for a glass of mulled ale on a cold night, and this potion never failed to put him into a sound sleep. The idea of drugging her husband shocked her at its first presentation, through its ugly resemblance to stories she had read in the newspapers. But she easily got over the foolish prejudice, and one night set about preparing the beloved beverage.

Male once proved by the regular piston-like sound of his deepened inspirations to be fast asleep, she proceeded to make her search. The work was new to her, for she had never had a servant, and her husband had not given her before this any occasion for such detective inquiry. Since, moreover, Joshua's tailoring skill had left her little to do in the way of weekly overhaulings of his clothes in pursuit of absconding buttons, the first plunge of her small hand into one of his wide, deep pockets gave her a quite uncanny sensation. What might she not come across down in those invisible depths? Each of the sexes is a mystery to the other in respect of its pockets. A woman's appendage remains a puzzle to the most curious and plaguing of brothers or husbands. And though more conversant with pockets in general, a woman's hand is apt to be sorely puzzled when it makes a dive into the chaos of a well-filled breeches cavity. The contact of Mrs. Male's hand with those hard, cold things of unfamiliar form gave her a sense of trespassing into another's private territory. But she was very much in earnest; so mastering the weakness, she proceeded with laudable pertinacity to empty and turn inside out for ocular inspection one receptacle after another. It was all to no purpose. She was just beginning to despair, when, on readjusting one of the waistcoat pockets, she distinctly heard a crackling sound. Now this was precisely the sound that her ear had been focussing itself to throughout the search, so that her fingers moved swiftly to the signal, and began vigorously squeezing the waistcoat in the neighborhood of the pocket. Her sense had not misled her. A mass of crackling material that her hand knew to be paper had somehow found its way between lining and cloth underneath the pocket. As there was no hole in the latter for the thing to work its own way through, she felt at once that it must have been put there. Flushed with a foretaste of success, she soon unstitched the lining, and drew out of its carefully selected retreat a letter written in what she instantly recognized as Ripton's handwriting. A little trembling with excitement she brought the document close to the candle, and read as follows:

"LIVERPOOL, *April* —, ——.

"DEAR MALE,—Be good enough to understand that I am writing this not as your superior officer, which I have ceased to be, but as your friend. As your chief I should never have felt the need of explaining to you the reason of any action of mine; as your friend I recognize such obligation. To my great regret you have suffered materially through me, and I owe you some sort of reparation. The enclosed, which, if I calculate rightly, is your wage since you were dismissed, is, I know quite well, but a small part of the reparation which I am able to make to such a man as yourself, and which you have the right to expect from what you know of me. I have not been wholly blind to your admiration, and I may as well confess that the occurrence of matters likely to diminish it has caused me a prolonged pang. My explanations may very possibly appear to you unsatisfactory enough, yet, unless I greatly mistake, it will be a relief to you to know that I had reasons, good enough for myself, for what I did.

"I had forgotten till your bull's-eye flashed on me that night, and I saw by your look of horror that you recognized me, how familiar you had grown with my eyes. I had trusted to the disguises of color, false hair, and a completely strange costume. I mention this in case you suppose that I had overlooked the important detail of your being on duty in that neighborhood on the night in question.

"But why, you will want to know, did I care to exchange the secure position of police superintendent for the eminently insecure one of house-breaker? The change of profession is unquestionably unusual, and as I have decided to explain myself to you, I must ask you to take the pains to follow a rather lengthy story.

"To begin with, then, I had long entertained a cordial abhorrence of that hard, pitiless Israelite. I have had special opportunities of knowing the misery that man has inflicted in many a pinched home in Dunchester. I began to think of the creature in whom his Creator omitted to put a human heart, who managed to sate all his appetites and yet to hoard his hundreds of thousands, without a child to leave a sixpence to, as something wrong—as a blunder which the Creator himself would be glad to see corrected. From that conviction I went on to the question, Why does not somebody wrench from his miserly grip some of that now useless pelf? It seemed to me that such an act would be eminently human and perfectly justifiable.

"Then I took another step onward, and began to think out how such an operation could be managed. I knew the man's habits, his way of locking up valuables in a safe in his wall. But the difficulty of the task lent it, in my imagination, a greater attractiveness. I have, when a detective, taken a keen interest in the artistic methods of the burglar, and flattered myself that I was abreast of the cleverest of them in knowledge and in inventiveness; so it gave me the keenest pleasure to tax all the resources of my brain in devising some way of checkmating his elaborate precautions, and of abstracting from his hidden stronghold some of his wickedly gotten gain.

"All this time I was the disinterested artist, taking delight in the intellectual feat of constructing a plan, with no clear purpose of putting that plan into execution.

"But even the artist burns to see the realization of his ideas, and in my case the creative impulse was supported by a fierce desire, which I satisfied myself was moral, to see the man's penuriousness punished. Christmas was approaching. There was that explosion at the mill, with the crowding at the hospital, which, as I knew, was badly off for funds. All this took hold of my mind, till, before I knew what I was about, I had got my disguise, and chosen the hour for the business. The rest you already know.

"One word more, by way of apology to you, my friend. I trust I did not use an excess of violence when, on your betraying your amazement, I laid you on the pavement as a preliminary to my undisturbed departure. The act was unpremeditated, for, as I have said, I did not anticipate your recognizing me, and should have perfectly well known how to account for myself had you conformed to my expectations, and taken me for a stranger.

"Let me add that but for the trouble in which you were involved I should look back on my one experiment in house-breaking with the liveliest satisfaction. Cool reflection has never once made me doubt that the forcible diminution of Schmalz's hoard was not only a right action, but an action which fell with peculiar appropriateness to one who was officially bound to preserve the institution of private property in general, which you might probably find perplexing. I have said as much as I usefully can on the nature of my motives.

"Thinking as I did, I saw not the least inconsistency in retaining my official position.

"When, however, I saw that you were to be dismissed, I recognized that I was bound to retire.

"I have only to add that the enclosed writing is a formal confession of the burglary. This I wish you to take to the police station, not for the purpose of giving them the opportunity of arresting me—they are too well advised to attempt that difficult game—but in order to secure your reinstatement in the force.

"By the time you read this I shall have left England, whither I do not feel called on to say even to you. You may, however, be perfectly sure of two things: one, that I shall not forget you; and the other, that whatever I do I shall do with a clear conviction of its rightness.

"Believe me, my dear Male, yours most faithfully, GEORGE RIPTON."

Mrs. Male's feeling after the first breathless perusal of this strange document was one of sore vexation. Her husband, it was clear, had refused the certainty of a reinstatement in office, of a removal of the disgrace and anxiety that his dismissal had brought to his home.

"He dunnot care nought," she muttered to herself, with watering eyes, "for wife nor childer. We may clem, for anything he do care. And arter the Superintendent ha' ordered him for to clear hissel'!" She glanced at the bed, from which proceeded the steady beat of that sonorous breathing, and saw too, through the gathering film in the look of the flabby relaxed features, how completely he had abandoned himself to the happy heedlessness of sleep. The sight made her more vexed, for we feel as if our wrong-doers have no right to a moment's unconsciousness of that which is hurting ourselves. Then came a good downpour of tears, then a vigorous clearing of the vision for a second perusal. She saw a good deal more this time. She began to recognize what others would call the chivalry of Male's conduct. It was plain to her that he was actuated throughout by loyalty to his old chief. At first she kicked against this, for Ripton now presented himself as her rival in Male's affection, seducing him from his duty to her and her children. Then she bethought her of Male's letter to the paper, written, as she remembered, after the reception of Ripton's letter. She was half inclined to be jealous of that shielding lie; but the grandness of it was too much for her, and she found herself admiring it in spite of herself. It was a characteristic specimen of Male's pluck—the pluck that first won her heart; and that heart was instantly rewon.

Then, as the old fond reverence began to well up in her heart, she went back on the whole story, and saw her husband's part in it in the intense all-revealing light of sympathy. She felt the shock that smote him as he recognized his revered chief on that unhappy night. She went through the long torment that followed, the hideous doubt of the peerless leader, the conflict between the formal duty of the constable and the deeper loyalty of the man. She suffered with him in the fierce agony of the ordeal of Ripton's examination. She knew the delicious relief of his leader's letter, with its assurance that he at least was clear as to what he was doing. And she gloried with him in the enthusiasm of his recovered fealty when he nerved himself to save his idol's reputation by a lie.

Then she grew supremely happy, knowing Male to be to her even a greater hero than in the old days. And then, a reflux of shy girlishness taking her, she stepped softly to Male's bedside, knelt down, and just touched his toil-worn hands with her loyal lips.

This rite of her reconversion being over, she proceeded to business. The letter was carefully folded, placed in its odd receptacle, and secured by the requisite number of stitches.

Thanks to the potency of the warm liquor, Male knew nothing about the doings of his wife on that night. He only remarked afterward that she seemed to grow more affectionate and gladsome, and was pleased to note the change for her sake still more than for his own.

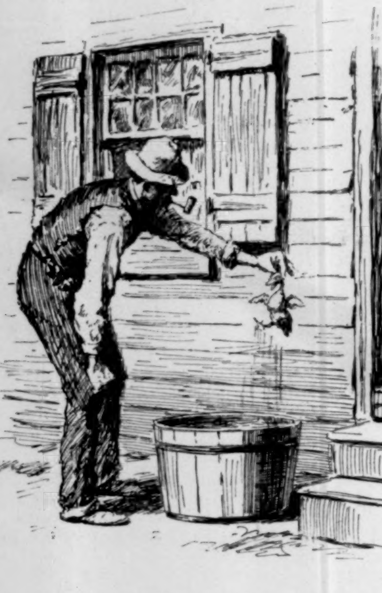
And so Joshua Male ceased to be apprentice in the craft of right doing and became a master. The cutting of the leading-strings had been rude and violent, throwing Joshua for a while on his back, with a sense of a whirling chaos about him. But his stanch, blind trust in the fallen leader proved the man to be morally sound at the core. By-and-by the wrench of Ripton's loss wrought other effects, stirring the long dormant faculty of independent search. Not that he ever soared to the dizzy altitudes reached by his late chief, where even law-breaking may become discussable. He had no ambition for such flight. Yet that Ripton's daring independence of moral view did work on his imitative soul is attested by the unaided excogitation of the mendacious letter to the newspaper.

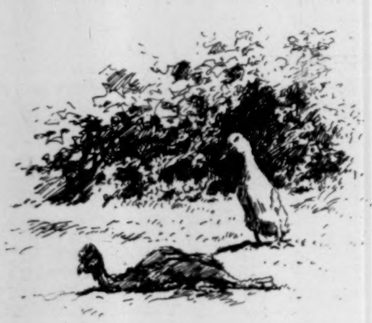
We are not told whether Ripton ever knew of his loyal subordinate's doings on his behalf. Those who dare great things in word or deed are apt to make disciples of whom they never hear. Perhaps it was so in Ripton's case.

FARMING.

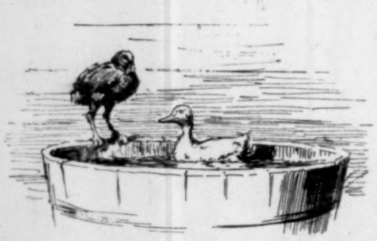
XVII.

ALTHOUGH the corn had been a failure, I could console myself, or at least justify myself in an attempt at self-consolation, when I reflected on the fact that I had a beautiful stock of corn-stalks. This, of course, meant that if my flock of choice chickens, that consisted of the lone, solitary Pekin duck mentioned in an earlier chapter, must go without corn, the cow would at least have a goodly supply of corn-stalks, a fine combination of bedding and provender, which, considered as the latter, would be a great improvement on the emerald diet of the twinkling mead, in that, even should it not prove as palatable to the piebald beeve, it would subsequently be developed into a milk and butter as sweet as the ambrosial breath of spring itself, and entirely emancipated from the galling fetters of the fiery, untamed onion.

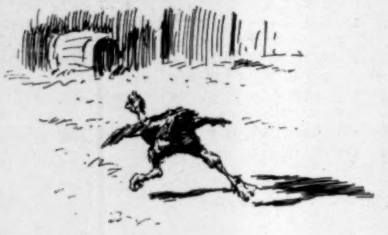


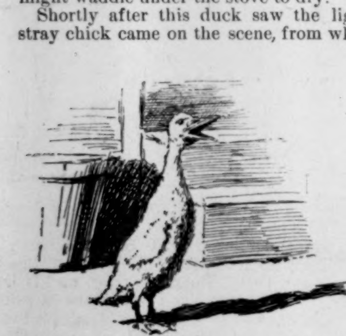


When I mention the Pekin duck, perhaps I should add that it was regarded simply as a pet, Philada, in her great anxiety for its welfare and safety, not allowing it to go near the pond, but providing for its use a tub of water near the back door. In this tub the duck would swim about until so exhausted that it would be obliged to quack its loudest to have some one place it upon the ground. I have frequently lifted it out of the water by the neck, and deposited it on the kitchen floor that it might waddle under the stove to dry.



Shortly after this duck saw the light a stray chick came on the scene, from whence we knew not, and sought and found refuge beneath the heaving bosom of the hen, who seemed more than maternally happy in her new possession. The duckling and the chick grew fonder of each other daily, and were inseparable companions by the time the mother had successfully performed the highest of her various earthly missions—that of rendering us all postprandially happy, and causing us to hang her brittle wishbone over the library door with all the superstitious reverence bestowed upon a new-found horseshoe.



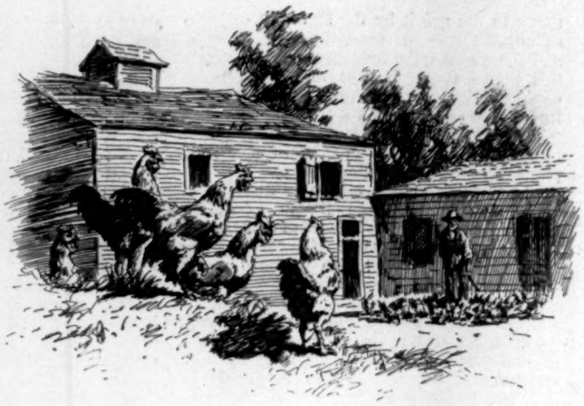


In the morning they would wander away together, the happiest of playmates, and roam all about the place. When the chick's instinct told it that it was essential to flatten out in a dust hole, the duckling would stand by and wait patiently for its companion to enjoy itself to its utmost; and when the duckling wanted a natatorial dip in the tub set apart for its use, the chick would perch calmly upon the edge of the same, enjoying the pleasure of the swimmer, until the latter found it necessary to quack for me to put it under the stove.

Every day, when the twilight shadows began to lengthen, the weary chick would fly up in the branches of a small tree to perch for the night. Then the poor lone duckling would seek the repose that an old flour barrel grants, and set up a wailing and lamentation that would melt the heart of the chick, and cause it to descend and enter the barrel, where the two would sit, and leaning against each other for warmth, drift away softly and sweetly on the purple pinions of rosy rest.

One day, when the time for retiring had come, the chick was nowhere to be found. Long and patiently the duckling watched and waited, and finally lifted up its quack and poured forth its feelings in a most pathetic wail. In the morning it refused to be comforted in the same spirit that it refused food. All that day it did not leave the barrel, but stood within the same on one foot, with drooping head, and an expression altogether too sad to be faithfully delineated in words.

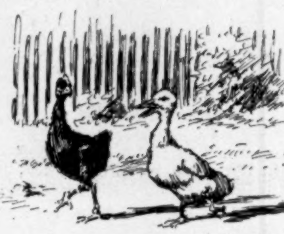
That afternoon I found the chick out in the barn, under a box that had fallen over it. It seemed buried in deep grief, which appeared based upon the worry it knew the duckling was experiencing on its account. For while I held it, even though I stroked its feathers kindly, it evinced a great anxiety to be free; and when at last I put it on the ground, it ran and flew (for it worked both its feet and wings at the same time) in its great hurry to reach its companion. And when they came together their happiness was unbounded. After the first outburst they went forth and wandered about the place to have a little exercise, and limber up their first and second joints after their periods of sorrowful confinement.

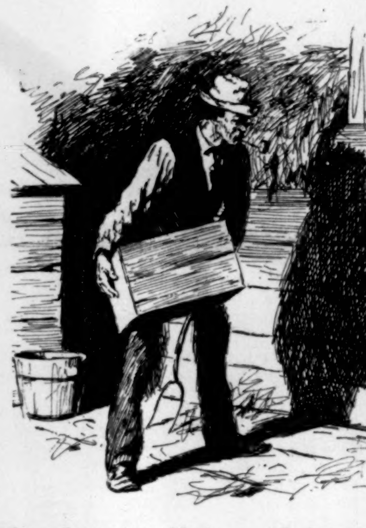


And when they finally returned to their barrel they stood and gazed upon each other with a sort of imbecilic gratitude. And so they stood gazing at each other until their heads fell forward in a tender embrace; and so they fell asleep.

Shortly after this, Mr. Van Sickle happened to drop in to make one of his social calls, that occupied any time from twenty minutes to three hours, according to the amount of work he had on hand.

I told him of the pathetic pastoral of the duckling and the chick, and that started him on the subject of the peculiarities of poultry.



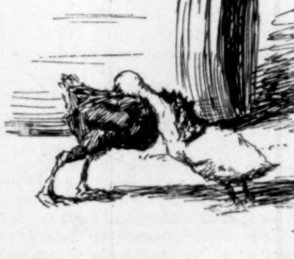


"Why," said he, "I have a way of my own for killing a chicken when I want one for the table. I mean I have a way of getting it without a chase."

"What is your method?" I inquired, anxious to add bit by bit to my limited knowledge of farming.

"Why, just this way," he went on: "I take a panful of corn in my left hand, and scatter it close to my feet with my right, in which I hold a walking-stick. After calling the chickens, and while they are about my feet devouring the food, I haul off and crack a rooster on the head, and while he is stunned, chop his head off."

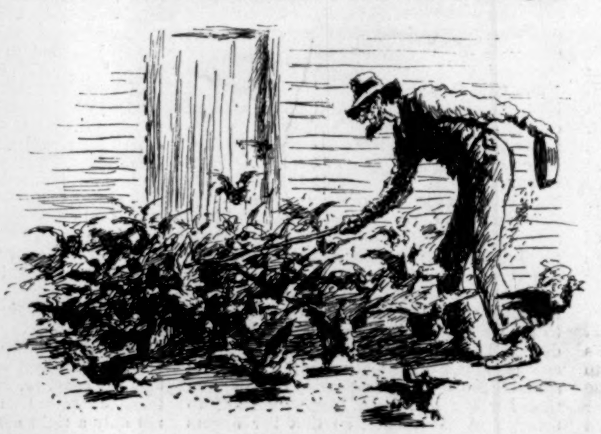
"It is a very good way," I said, "and should I ever have chickens again, I intend to employ it."



"The only trouble about it is that it doesn't always work."

"How is that?" I asked.

"On account of the chickens' intelligence," he said. "You see I always kill the roosters, and never the pullets. After I had operated in this way several times, they seemed to see through the game, and now when I try it all the pullets run up and eat the corn, while the roosters stand off on the knoll, and look at me as though trying to laugh, and for the life of me I cannot coax them within three times the range of my walking-stick."



R. K. Munkittrick.

A TRIBUTE TO YOUTH.

Ah me! what wise and brilliant words they are!
They glow like lamps upon the lettered page,
Seeming each phase of every life to gauge
With swift, unerring insight; like a star
They light my thorny pathway from afar,
And to the weary warfare that I wage
With the harsh cares of ever-troubled age,
The gates of peace and victory unbar.
Ah! would I were as wise and strong as he
Who penned these words! Who knew so passing well
Each struggle, woe, or longing to foretell,
And for each puzzle held the missing key!
Such tribute have they proudly from me wrung!
Who wrote them? I myself, when I was young.

Alice Wellington Rollins.

TOWARD THE SETTING SUN

Myriads of emigrants take their way. Thousands upon thousands of acres covered with the virgin forest still await the axe of the pioneer. "Holding down a claim" on the frontier, it should be remarked, has other drawbacks besides that of disputed possession. Many an enterprising settler who, with indomitable hardihood, has cleared the waste, just as a scanty area is ready for tillage is stricken by that foe of the frontiersman, malaria. What a boon to that man and his family is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, what wise forethought has he shown if he has obtained an adequate supply. The fairest fields for agricultural and mining enterprise on this continent and abroad are subject to this infliction. Protected by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it may be defied. It will not do to confide in a robust constitution alone. Malaria prostrates the strong and weak alike. Take the Bitters, too, for rheumatism, dyspepsia, biliousness, kidney trouble.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A SPECIFIC FOR THROAT DISEASES.

Brown's Bronchial Troches have been long and favorably known as an admirable remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, and Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective. Sold only in boxes. Price, 25 cts.—[*Adv.*]

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I will mail free on application my treatise on Catarrh and Throat Diseases. Dr. Burnham, Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

No Christmas and New-Year's Table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

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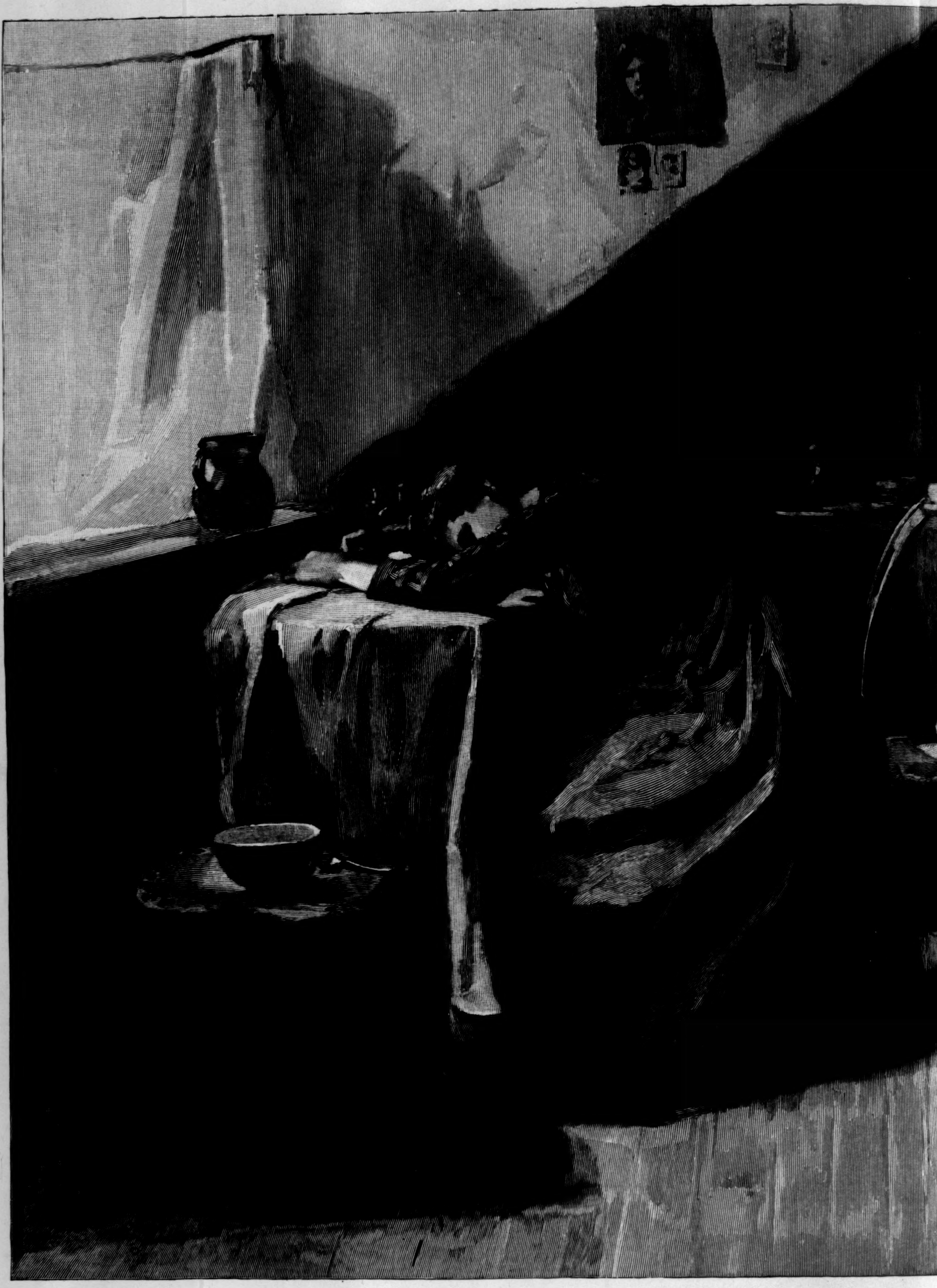

SUPPLEMENT TO *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, DECEMBER 27, 1890.

DOING GOOD BY STEALTH—A VISIT FROM A KING'S DAUG

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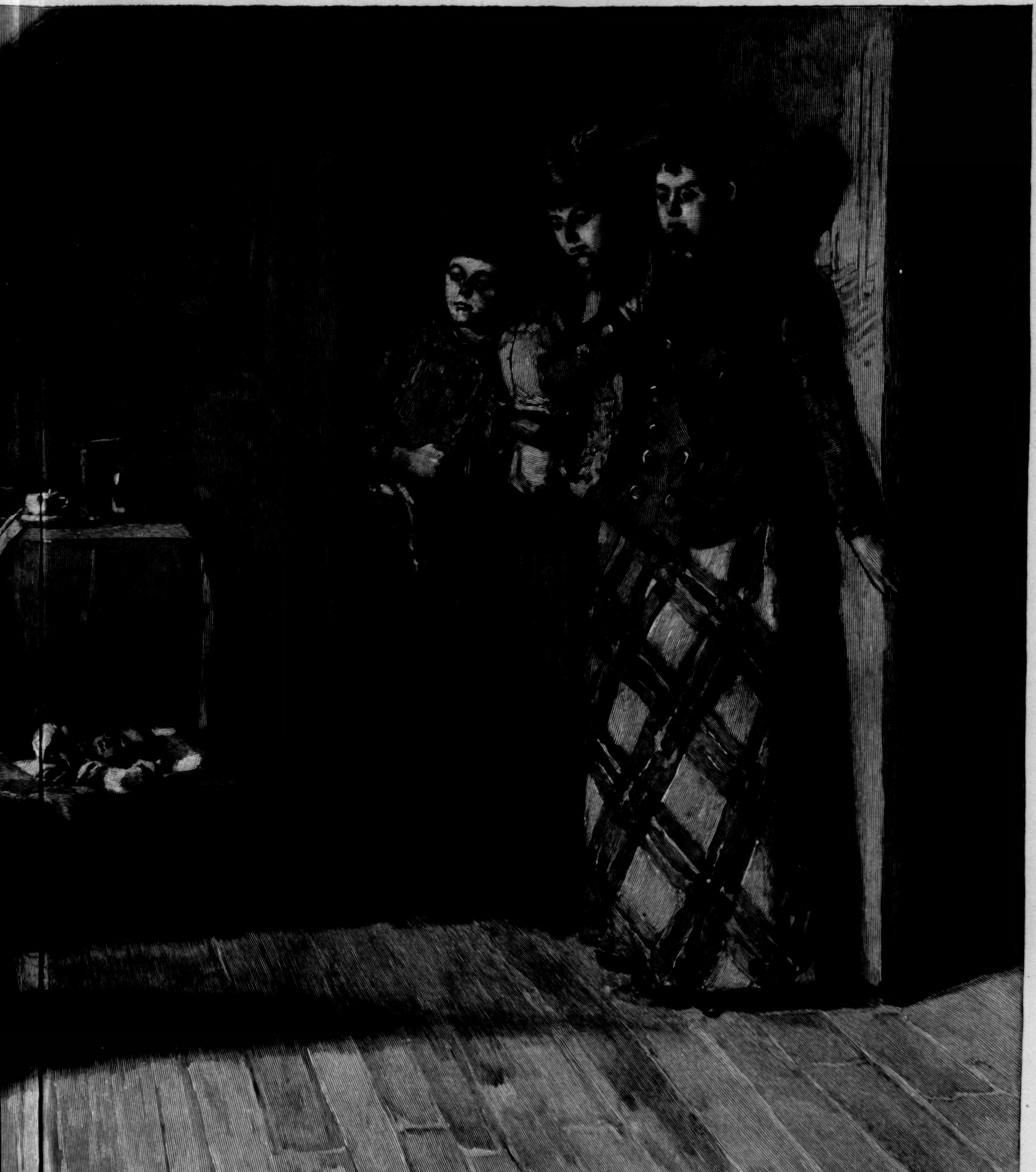
Alice Barber Stephens

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UGHTER.—DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS AFTER A SKETCH BY J. CARTER BEARD.